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LONDON AND ITS PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

Every student of the eighteenth century must have felt a keen interest in the publication of a work the object of which is to depict the appearance and the life of London in that age, and assuredly he opened it with no little curiosity. But we fear that to such an one this, the last work of a man who was a true lover of London in every aspect, will be a disappointment. It may seem ungenerous to criticize adversely a work of one who is now dead, and which did not receive final perusals and corrections. But unquestionably the book is not worthy of its great subject: it is formless, the materials are placed before the reader in fragments, many of the chapters are extremely superficial, and from beginning to end we are not assisted by a single reference. One would have wished that this ponderous volume could have remained a durable monument of its author, but we cannot hope that it will have such a fortunate fate. Valuable it is as a collection of much material, and it throws light on the

state of London in the eighteenth century; but it is not that clear, thoughtful, and scholarly book which alone can hope to remain for a long time authoritative and respected.

Maitland estimated that, including Westminster and the suburbs, London in 1750 had 725,903 inhabitants; it was, therefore, in the eighteenth century, as now, the largest city in the world. Small as it was compared with the enormous London of our own age, it differed remarkably from the provincial towns and the rural districts of England, and its society was marked by some special features; yet, allowing for these differences, by an appreciation of London as a whole—not only outwardly of its streets, its houses, its business, and its amusements, but of the moral and mental characteristics of the men and women who formed its society—we obtain a connected and systematized view of England in the eighteenth century. How difficult it is to state with precision, and yet with brevity, the fundamental qualities of any part of na-

* 1. "London in the Eighteenth Century." By Sir Walter Besant. London: G. Bell & Sons, 1903.

2. "The History of London." By William Maitland, and continued to the year 1772 by the

Rev. John Entick, M.A. 2 vols. London: J. Wilkie, 1772.

3. "The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century." By Warwick Wroth, F.S.A. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1896.

tional life in those days, has been shown by the remarkable work of the De Goncourts, "*La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle*," in which, while we perceive every moment the suggestive delineation of the characteristics which the authors are analyzing, we are perpetually observing the difficulty and especially the danger of attempting to generalize from the study of a comparatively small collection of individuals. It is, however, by an examination of the individual as representative or typical that we are enabled best to understand the true life of a national period. This we fail to find in Sir Walter Besant's great volume, or any complete conception of the men and women of London in the eighteenth century. Fragmentary glimpses of their life we obtain alike in their business and in their pleasures, in their prosperity and in their misery, but we are presented rather with the materials of a picture than with a picture itself.

A century is a large space of time of which to ascertain definite types, but it is not unscientific to take the eighteenth century as a separate period; the first fifteen years are years of transition, as is the same space of time at its end. But, politically and socially, all the intervening years are singularly alike; they were years in which the country lay quiescent after memorable political and religious struggles and before modern movements began to disturb the foundations of society. England was politically fatigued; still conscious of the shocks she had endured at the Revolution and the Rebellion, and the constant anxiety of the age of Anne, she was grateful to be able to rest. Successful and strenuous achievement produced national lassitude, and so when the historical observer looks backward over the course of national life to the apathetic age of the first Hanoverian Sovereigns, its less

heroic incidents and phases occupy a much larger space in the view than when they are overshadowed by momentous movements or critical international struggles. But the temperament and the fibre of the people had not changed, and beneath the quietude of the eighteenth century were the same national vigor and common sense which had been always evident and were ready to assert themselves when the right moment should strike. On these aspects of the age the life of London throws not a little light. We shall therefore endeavor to regard the metropolis from the point of view of the men and women who lived in it, and also to note how the special characteristics and the deeper tendencies of the time were illustrated by the habits and the life of the Londoner. For the man of the eighteenth century is a product of the years preceding his own time, and he has influenced the generations which follow him, and we cannot too clearly bear in mind that we have to note in the people of the eighteenth century human types directly and largely formed by great preceding constitutional events.

One chief difficulty of appreciating the life of the Londoner of the eighteenth century is the striking difference between the size of the metropolis then and now. We are so accustomed to London as we see it, and as we move about in it, scarcely aware of its immensity, and only conscious in a vague way of its vast size, that it is not easy to realize it as it appeared to our forefathers. London, like its inhabitants and its manners and customs, was then in a state of transformation. The cities of London and Westminster were united, and some of the villages which had existed around them were just becoming parts of the town. If one had taken a phaeton and started from Tyburn turnpike, and our friend had happened to choose a Mon-

day morning before 1783—for after that date executions took place in front of Newgate—he would probably have found himself entangled in a crowd, the nearest approach to which nowadays would be the mob at the entrance to a racecourse. Opposite the spot on which the Marble Arch now stands he would have seen one or more gallows, and presently the carts containing the condemned persons, with their arms pinioned and a rope round their necks, and their coffins by them, men and women, murderers or simple thieves, received by the jeers and cheers, murmurs and shouts of the excited crowd. It would not have been long before each vehicle placed beneath the gallows moved away and a dangling body would have been seen against the sky, to be quickly seized by those who had been the friends of the executed man, who held it and by their weight sought to end his sufferings. If he had waited longer he would have noticed women in black, the wives or sisters of the dead, claiming the corpses of their relatives, or a surgeon eager for experiments carrying off the friendless felon. Anxious to escape from this constant and to us shocking spectacle, the result at once of a savage criminal law and a brutal population, our friend would have driven along Tyburn Road and Oxford Street. On his left hand are a few streets, of which at first starting Berkeley Street is the northern boundary, beyond Marylebone Street and Queen Anne Square are the Marylebone Gardens, and then a long succession of open fields extending to the north. He would presently pass along Great Russell Street and note Montague House. If it was after 1759 he could tarry for a time and visit the Harleian Manuscripts. A few yards further was Bedford or Southampton House, a pleasant large low white building, with a courtyard, and behind it delightfully shady gardens

from which charming views of the green heights of Highgate could be seen across Lamb's Conduit Fields. Continuing along Great Ormond Street he would come to the Foundling Hospital without a house near it, which kindly Captain Thomas Coram had established in 1741. Thence keeping along the outskirts of the town he would reach the southern end of Finsbury Fields, near the junction of the City Road and Old Street. He would, if it had been summer time, have cut through the wayfarers driving or walking up to Bagnigge or Sadler's Wells, some to improve their health, others only for enjoyment. As he turned southward on his left hand the houses of Hoxton village might be seen among the trees; while beyond the open space of Upper Moorfields, which was laid out with walks, a collection of unimportant streets and houses extended eastwards to a line of which the centre was High Street, Whitechapel. All beyond was a succession of green fields with a few houses grouped round Bethnal Green. The explorer would then come down Finsbury, past Bethlehem Hospital to the Royal Exchange. If minded to drive to the eastern termination of London, there was only a little over a mile to go; for when he reached the end of Whitechapel Street by the London Hospital, before him would have stretched the high road running through the villages of Mile End, New Town and Old Town, while to the southward was the quiet village of Stepney, whither the East-end Londoner resorted on Sundays and holidays to eat Stepney buns and drink ale and cider, and where the seaman ashore amused himself and his mistresses with cakes and ale. By the London Hospital he could take the turn to the right and drive along the New Road through open country. He would meet with some houses about Ratcliff Highway, and there he would

have seen orchards and market gardens till he reached Wapping, with two or three streets which ran parallel with the river, with its sailors and fishwives and drinking women. This maritime piece of London extended from Shadwell Causeway to a little east of the Tower. From a distance there were all the picturesque features which belong to a busy waterside district. In midstream were many ships, colliers, Dutch galliots, hay boats, and West Indiamen, discharging their varied cargo into barges, an animated and suggestive sight. But on the shore the foul streets were thronged with drunken women awaiting drunken seamen, their hair hanging over their faces in rat-talls, their bosoms bare or half hidden by a handkerchief, and on their feet long quartered shoes with great buckles, their heedless and immoral lives soon to end in the great churchyard of St. George, Ratcliff. Each tavern was filled with swearing seamen, some just paid off, a crimp or two and their half-stupid prey, and the streets were all mud and filth.

Tired, however, of sitting in his carriage, our friend takes a boat from Wapping Old Stairs (Thames Tunnel) to Tooley Stairs at the south end of London Bridge; he passes by Horsely Down with its houses and Savory Dock, and meets, it may be, the Lord Mayor in his state barge, takes his hat off to an acquaintance who is on his way down from Temple Stairs, and watches for a moment to see if the fishermen from Lambeth have had any luck and caught a salmon or two today. Arrived at this his destination, he drives through the Borough to the beginning of Blackman Street, where he again finds himself in the country, low, unhealthy, and disagreeable, so he returns through a suburban district to Blackfriars Bridge, and thence proceeds over familiar ground, passes

Fleet Street and the Strand, where quaint signs hang from the shops and taverns, to Charing Cross. West of St. James's Park with its canal is grouped Westminster with the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, bounded by the road from the Horse Ferry. There Westminster ended, and beyond it were orchards and market gardens; and so driving up Pall Mall and St. James's Street, the end too of that part of London on the west, for there were only a few houses, as now, between it and the Green Park, he would have continued along Tyburn Lane (Park Lane), noting as he passed the old house of the Earls of Dorset, which has been replaced by a magnificent Italian mansion, till he found himself again at Tyburn turnpike, now quite deserted by the crowds of the morning, after having covered a space of some thirteen miles.

If the visitor, whose travel round London we have followed, had chanced to conclude his journey towards evening, he would hardly have failed to take a boat at Westminster and so to visit Vauxhall Gardens, the most famous of the out-of-door pleasure resorts of the eighteenth century. They were opened soon after the Restoration, probably in 1661, and continued for nearly two centuries until 1859, but in the eighteenth century they were in their zenith, though long before they were very attractive to the pleasure-seeker. "Lord!" exclaims Pepys, when busy with his official work he meets two handsome women calling on his wife, "to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation, but I must invite them to go to Foxhall to Spring Gardens!" This was in 1666, and thenceforward all through the succeeding century visitors, from the Prince of Wales to the City apprentice—for the entrance fee was only a shilling—from May to September crowded the boxes, the

leafy alleys, and the tree-shaded walks. Vauxhall was a mixture of Earl's Court of to-day and the Kurhaus gardens of a German Spa, and we can scarcely doubt that though, as will presently be pointed out, an inherent love in English people of fresh air and trees and flowers was one cause of the attraction of Vauxhall as of other out-of-door resorts, yet that another cause was the influence throughout the years following the Restoration, the Revolution, and the accession of the Elector, of foreign habits and customs among the more fashionable sections of society. The exiled Cavaliers had learnt to appreciate habits of life, the ideal of which we see depicted by Pater and Lancret, and the Dutch soldiers and courtiers set a fashion in England which they brought with them from Holland in 1689.

In some respects the Londoner of the eighteenth century was characterized by the qualities of the rural laborer of the nineteenth century, for he was a stay-at-home person. The difficulty and the expense of travelling made it impossible for him to go beyond the villages by which London was surrounded—Knightsbridge, Hampstead, Kensington, and Hoxton—for a long journey was not to be undertaken unless there was extreme necessity. Riding-horses, stage-coaches, wagons, and post-chaises, it is true, thronged the roads on every side of London. From the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, eighty-four coaches departed every day. Coaches left for Oxford four days in the week, and for Bristol twice a week, but a journey to York occupied thirty hours, and cost 3*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* These are but a few examples of the road traffic from London which enlivened the main English highways, or produced a picturesque bustle in the courtyards of the old inns of London and of country towns and villages, which have now disappeared. We are

generally accustomed to look at this particular form of travelling as pleasant and picturesque, and characteristic of eighteenth-century life, but if we regard it a little more closely we shall realize that it necessarily had a deep effect on the life and character of the Londoner. The difficulty of communication isolated him from the rest of the country and divided him sharply from his countrymen. London, in fact, in the eighteenth century was really the opposite of what it is to-day. Now it needs more of a corporate life, less cosmopolitanism, greater municipal individuality; then it was homogeneous, well defined, and proud of its importance as the chief city of Great Britain, and unembarrassed by a size to which no city has hitherto reached. Thus the Londoner of the eighteenth century, while he cannot be called provincial—for the influence of a widely extended trade and the effect of the connexion of Great Britain with European politics, of which he was constantly hearing, tended to enlarge his mental view—was yet essentially a city man.

The only persons who were in any way like the modern dwellers in the metropolis were a number—and a limited number only—of men and women who were clustered together in the West End, and who were the governing class, primarily politicians, noblemen, their relations, and their friends, the fringe of which comprised the fashionable frequenters of White's and Almack's. Of this select class we know a great deal, from innumerable biographies and selections of correspondence, towards the end of the century, from the letters of Walpole and of George Selwyn, who were types of some parts of this society, just as Lord North and Fox and Lady Sarah Lennox were of other sections.

This governing division of the socie-

ty of London in the eighteenth century was quite separate from the bulk of the inhabitants of the capital, was limited and exclusive, and was bound together by similar tastes. "The blue and buff junto meet in St. James's Street to fix upon the plan of operations for to-morrow," wrote Storer to Lord Carlisle, a month after the news of the disaster of York Town reached London in the autumn of 1781. It is a simple sentence enough, but it is singularly suggestive. We see the Whig leaders meeting in Charles Fox's rooms in St. James's Street, where soon some of the company are engrossed in faro or hazard, whilst others chat at Brooks's or White's, but the whole business was conducted in a street in the west end of the town, and the political campaign was arranged where gamblers lost their thousands. In many ways, too, this section of society was more nearly in touch with the country than with the city at the very time when it gave to London a conspicuous feature, and this gulf between the city and the West End makes more vivid the diminution of the political power of the city, the influence of which was becoming more purely commercial. The combination of statesmen, noblemen, men of letters, and men of pleasure, great ladies, and giddy women of fashion, commenced in the reign of Anne; it began to end when Lord Grey passed the Reform Bill of 1832, and the exclusiveness of the governing and fashionable section was broken by the invasion of the bourgeois politician and the city magnate, whose advent on the political scene had been heralded by the coming of the Indian nabob in the middle of the eighteenth century. The centre of this portion of London society was formed by the Whig and Tory peers, round whom congregated a remarkable circle of men and women, whose lives, from that of Swift to

Fox, have interested succeeding generations. It is a phase of national life which well deserves a lengthy and elaborate study, but here can only be viewed in its relation to the history of London in the eighteenth century; it is contemporary with the supremacy of the House of Peers as a deliberative assembly in the Constitution, and would have been impossible without a marked growth of a democratic spirit, which the political noblemen, so far from fearing, had the sagacity to utilize. It required also an awakening of intellectual activity, an appreciation of pleasure and luxury, a time of peace, and a great capital. The merchant from Lombard Street, who towards the end of the century saw Lord North and John Robinson or Rockingham and Burke driving down to Westminster, Selwyn and Old Q on a balcony in Piccadilly, or Mrs. Crewe and Charles Fox at an assembly at Almack's, did not perceive more than personages of whom he was constantly hearing. To us they are men and women typical of their age and of their class, whose true home was in a few streets in the west end of the town, and who were parts of a society which is a striking feature of London life in the eighteenth century. But of the plain, uneventful lives of the lawyers, the doctors, and the divines, of the merchants, the shop-keepers, and the great army of working people who formed the bulk of the population of London, we know much less, so that we have somewhat fallen into the habit of judging the life of London by the habits and the ideas of one class which was not representative of the people of London, and indeed regarded the City man and the tradesman with considerable contempt, a contempt which was exaggerated in their women folk, who threw up their heads and made rude remarks about the ladies who were not of the *ton*.

The Londoner of the eighteenth century, of whatever class, was the type of the Englishman as he appeared to foreigners, and as he has remained to this day; it was from him that Arbuthnot drew John Bull in his famous satire, "Law is a Bottomless Pit." He was sensible and unemotional, honest and rather coarse-minded, clear-headed and persevering, and he was practical and independent in his religion and his politics—"un Anglais, comme homme libre, va au ciel par le chemin qui lui plaît," wrote Voltaire in his "*Lettres Philosophiques*." He had no ideals, and his creed was summed up in the phrase that he tried to do his duty in the station in which he had been placed. Piety, prudence, courage, and honesty were, we read on the quaint monument in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, to Martin Bond, citizen and soldier, and captain of the trained bands of the city in 1588, the marked qualities of this ideal citizen. They were also those which predominated among the merchants of London of the eighteenth century, who were the backbone of the population. Their piety was unquestionably superficial from the point of view of subjective religion, but the practical fruits of it are visible in the numerous benefactions of which the walls of the City churches bear record and the muniments of the City companies give abundant evidence.¹

His characteristics are reflected in the philosophical and the religious works of his age, from which, rather than from individuals, Voltaire and Rousseau have drawn their pictures of the Englishman. For two centuries and a half England, and London especially, had passed through momen-

tous constitutional changes, had influenced the course of continental affairs, and had commercial relations with every part of the globe. Thus the London merchant, homely and unassuming, had also a fixed and undemonstrative pride and a confidence in himself and in his city, which arose from considerable achievements and from a state of individual freedom.

Young men came up to London in the eighteenth century as they had done for centuries and as they do today, but in numbers so small as to make little impression on the general body of town-born citizens; but the country gentleman, whether nobleman or squire, had ceased not a little to send his younger sons to seek their fortunes in the City. "It is without possibility of dispute that the City was no longer recruited from the class called gentry; that the number of 'gentlemen,' using the old sense of the word, who held office in the City was extremely small; that, for causes which can be explained, it was not only possible, but common, for quite poor lads to succeed in business and to amass great fortunes." But poor lads had always been able to come to the front in the City of London, and Sir Walter Besant does not attempt to explain why the son of the merchant, or, as often as not, of the small shopkeeper, was then monopolizing the commerce of London and creating a class which has had special characteristics down to our own day. The real cause was the increasing size of the standing army, and the innumerable opportunities given to the younger sons of the nobility and gentry to fulfil their ambitions by military service. The victories of Marlborough gave immense popularity and glory to military

¹ The records of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, show sixteen benefactors to the parish in the eighteenth century. On the north wall is a tablet telling how Francis Bancroft (1727) gave all

his property in London and Middlesex to the Drapers' Company for the purposes of charity and education. These instances might be indefinitely multiplied.

life, and from the death of William III. to the day of Waterloo there was year after year constant employment for the young Englishman in the army—employment which might make his name famous from Edinburgh to London. And so he was withdrawn from commerce—the commerce which had been patronized by Prince Rupert, who had been one of the founders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and shared in by Prime Ministers, for Harley was a director of the South Sea Company, and the shares had been squabbled over in the royal anterooms at Kensington Palace. Consequently the Londoner who made his livelihood in the City was born, educated, bred, lived, and died within the sound of Bow bells. The infant who was born into the world in the eighteenth century was—if life was worth living—fortunate if he survived to boyhood. Maitland put the mortality of those five years of age or under at 47 per cent. Sir Walter Besant, taking the registers of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for his data, but for a few years only, finds that the proportion in that parish was 59 per cent. These figures are, doubtless, not altogether accurate, but they show sufficiently clearly the dangers which surrounded child life from the accumulated effects of "bad air, bad drainage, and bad food," and, we may very well add, indifferent medical advice and complete ignorance of methods of nursing. The good old times in London were, indeed, fatal to human life, as can well be realized by a comparison of the figures of the Institute of Actuaries. According to the tables of this body to-day, out of 100,000 who are born 38,124 are alive at the age of seventy. According to Maitland's figures in the eighteenth cen-

tury, there were but 13,300, and according to the register of St. Botolph 14,571.

If the chances either of attaining to boyhood or of living to old age were against the Londoner, the possibilities of obtaining a good education were not much greater. A boy of well-to-do parents had open to him one of the public schools—St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital, Merchant Taylors', the City of London, or, outside London proper, Westminster. But if a parent could not send his son to one of these great foundations, his children must be taught at a charity school attached to a parish; outside these schools' elementary, hornbook, or dame schools were to be found in different parts of London, and for higher education private schools, from the academies carried on by broken-down craftsmen to the more pretentious establishment belonging to some clergyman who had taken a degree at a university. If, however, a boy had learned to read, to write a good hand, and understand arithmetic, he had done well; for

the middle-class education was principally carried on in "academies" kept by men, broken-down, bankrupt or turned out of some other employment. The master could teach nothing more than writing and arithmetic; he could also hear lessons learned by rote; he pretended to teach French, and had a Swiss retained on the establishment; needless to say that the boys learned no more French in the eighteenth century than they do at present. The usher taught Latin to those boys who learned it; there was also a dancing-master on his staff.

From the moment, however, that a young man began his life's work in

² According to Maitland, there were (1772) 37 free schools—which included the great foundations of St. Paul's &c.—containing 3,173 scholars. The parish and other schools sustained by voluntary contributions were—boys'

schools 75, girls' 53; some of these were both for the education of boys and girls, and were not separate. They contained 3,458 boys and 1,901 girls.

London, whether it were professional, commercial, or manual, he could only look forward to a much briefer span of existence than the Londoner of to-day, an existence unvaried, simple, and rather brutal. The Londoner of the eighteenth century was indeed an elemental person. The objects of past political contests from century to century had been for individual freedom. Most men had then no lofty ideas of patriotism or abstract views of human rights; they wanted only to be allowed to go their own way without hindrance from king or parliament, bishop or nonconformist preacher, and they were less connected with the central administration. By the middle of the eighteenth century this freedom had been to a great extent obtained, and the Londoner could eat, drink, work, play, and pray much as he liked, and his likings, as was natural, were somewhat gross—sensitiveness, delicacy, often decency, were qualities which he did not possess. The characteristics of the people were shown in their amusements. They loved anything in which was the element of combat, but at the time they could not join in it themselves; physical training, asceticism for the purpose of fitting men to take part in athletic contests, systematic participation in games which required prolonged exertion, were unknown. The Londoner, however, showed in a rudimentary form a liking for outdoor pleasures, but the fact that they were of an unorganized holiday kind has caused this trait to be somewhat overlooked. "Many of the citizens," says a contemporary writer, "take delight in sailing, swimming, and fishing in the River Thames, &c., whilst others in the circumjacent fields, bowling-greens, &c., divert themselves with horse and foot races, riding, leaping, wrestling, cricket, archery,

cudgels, coits, bowling, skittles, nine-pins, and bull and bear baiting."³ This is a goodly list, and shows that large numbers in a rough way were partaking of physical exercise. But though the Thames was thronged with boats, they were chiefly rowed by watermen; towards the end of the century here and there an amateur would walk a match for a wager. In the winter, if there were sufficient frost, skaters, chiefly of the more fashionable class, could be seen on the ornamental waters, and driving was the hobby of young men who would now have their hunters, their racehorses, or their grouse moors. Sir John Lade just at the end of the century was a famous whip, and instructed the Prince of Wales in the way to handle a team, but driving as a sporting art was not the amusement of the middle-class Londoner. The easiest and least costly manner in which the love of combat could be gratified was by witnessing cockfights, and so cockpits were to be seen all over London. It was a national sport; men of all degrees delighted in it. There was particularly a famous cockpit behind Gray's Inn, another in Drury Lane, which the apprentices of London, by way of a quiet amusement on Shrove Tuesday, annually wrecked. If any more ferocious manner of gratifying this instinct could be found, it was not neglected, and animal suffering only added to the pleasure of the afternoon. Fighting with fists, single-sticks, and quarterstaves or broadswords was common, but if the combatants were sparing of their blood, "blasphemy, cursing, and reviling" were heard; if, however, "they hack and hue one another pretty heartily, insomuch that the stage runs with their gore, nothing can be more satisfactory to the spectators, who are then generally sure to reward them very bountifully."

As men become older their desire is

³ Maitland, "History of London" (1772), p. 1327.

for tranquil pastimes, but this fact does not alter the effect of such amusements as we have described on the general body of youth, young men, and men in the prime of life, or obscure the reason for them—an almost unrestrained fundamental love of ferocious combat; for all of these amusements combat was an essential part. Oftentimes in the streets among the common people "assailants begin with running against each other heads foremost like rams, and afterwards come to boxing," and then a ring was formed and the people ran out of their shops just as to-day they gather round a fallen cabhorse. Yet in all this brutality there was a sense of fair play and of justice; the rules of the game must be observed; the Londoner meant to enjoy without affectation the amusements which pleased a nature in which we see the fierce qualities of his Teutonic forefathers combined with a sense of justice which had become equally characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The moment that we clearly perceive these particular qualities, combined with perfect individual freedom, so that full play could be given to them, the basis of the whole social state of London in the days of which we are writing is perfectly clear. Filthy streets, noisome prisons and mad-houses, unconcealed vice, were the necessary results of this combination of character and circumstance. To a high-minded despot much that was common in London in the eighteenth century would have been intolerable, and would unquestionably have been swept away with a high hand; but the Londoner had attained to a state of individual freedom without yet having learnt to seek for a single ideal by which society or his city should be cleaner and purer. It was from necessity rather than pure choice that the Londoner took the air in a leisurely

and unexciting fashion, but in his own way he had more open-air pleasures than those who have come after him. London and its outskirts were full of gardens. In the evening at Ranelagh and Vauxhall he could see Lord Orville and Sir Clement Willoughby, as well as friends from Holborn or Cheapside, but with these places must be grouped Marylebone Gardens and Cupers Gardens on the Surrey side of the Thames. These four were the resorts of rank and fashion as well as of more humble folk. The entrance fee was small, and their popularity arose very much because they provided concerts and spectacles, fêtes, and dancing, and so became from May to September in fine weather extraordinarily popular. A second group of gardens afforded much simpler pleasures and less aristocratic company. These were attached to the medical wells—Islington Spa, Pancras, and Bagnigge Wells, and many others, and they attracted persons from the mixed motives of improving their health and of enjoying fresh air and usually quiet amusements—a ramble in the maze, perhaps a game of bowls or skittles. But when the Londoner was in a thoroughly domestic mood he could take his wife and children to some tea-gardens pure and simple, and have his tea in an arbor as Moreland has depicted him, perhaps to the White Conduit House, where cricket of an embryonic kind could be played when he chose; or to the Three Hats, Islington, a favorite Sunday resort, which was made more lively on weekdays for a large part of the last half of the century by a band of music and equestrian performances; or Hornsey if he wanted to go quite out of town; but he had an ample choice of resorts on both sides of the Thames. Gambling was not unknown at some of these resorts, and disreputable women sometimes found admittance, but gen-

erally in the public gardens of the eighteenth century we see the Londoner at his best, with his wife and his family, sweethearts and lovers, friends arm in arm, enjoying life without excitement in a simple and natural manner, satisfied with the good that Providence had provided. Sometimes, however, the brutality of the age showed itself even at the tea-gardens, especially in the cruel and childish amusement which was known as duck-hunting.

To the citizen the gardens of London were of the first importance. The difficulties of travel prevented frequent movement from place to place, and so for him they were at once seaside and Alps, trout stream and golf links—they represented almost entirely the whole out-of-door existence of men of every calling—the merchant, the lawyer, the small tradesman. But wherever the Londoner went he went staidly, in a stiff dress. The result of this inertia was a complete absence of a knowledge of country life and of landscape; it made the most ordinary aspects of the country unfamiliar and even extraordinary, and it is from this fact that we find the almost ludicrous descriptions in diaries and correspondence of natural features which to-day the Londoner would scarcely notice. Dr. Johnson, who was a typical Londoner, regarded the Hawkstone Hills in Shropshire much as a City clerk might to-day look upon the High Alps. Indeed, this circumstance makes Johnson's tour to the Hebrides very remarkable; it was a quite astonishing feat of travel for a Londoner who was most at home in Fleet Street.

The Englishman has always had a love of the country; it is the result of social features, of the smallness of his land, of its quiet beauty, and of its homely character. It is praised alike by Herrick and Cowper, but in the literature of the eighteenth century the

love of form and of literary art concealed it. London, small as it was compared with the London of to-day, had grown sufficiently large to be a great city, with all the features of a city, and its inhabitant was essentially a townsman. But the inborn appreciation of the country is discovered in the Londoner's liking for his tea-gardens, many of which appealed to him by their rural charms, showing that under all the formalism and artificiality of the eighteenth century there existed that same love of the fields and flowers and of the changing delights of nature which can be seen to-day in innumerable shapes, which probably may be traced to the influence on generation after generation of Englishmen of the picturesque grouping of church and manor house, of fields and woodlands, around the village, with which he was familiar from boyhood to old age.

But for the men of London the coffee-houses, uncomfortable though they were, with their wooden partitions and often narrow passages, were of far greater moment than the tea-gardens; for at least nine months of the year they were their main resort. The importance of these places in the eighteenth century cannot be exaggerated. The West-End beau, the merchant, the lawyer, and the shopkeeper, each had his favorite coffee-house; it was the exchange, the club, the circulating library, the modern man's daily paper; it touched almost every social or business want. In their number—in the first quarter of the century there were more than two thousand—and in the manner in which they met many demands of a generation which, intellectually and commercially, was growing more and more active within the bounds of seventeenth century limitations, the London coffee-houses filled a place which has given them unique historical importance. If the Londoner

was a divine he could discuss the latest sermon of Clarke or Romaine at Truby's or Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard, while the lawyer talked of the decisions at Westminster Hall at Nando's in Inner Temple Lane, or the Grecian in Devereux Court. George's coffee-house, a little to the west of Temple Bar, was patronized not only by Templars but by many others. "My company," writes Shennstone in 1739, "goes to George's coffee-house, where for that small subscription [one shilling] I read all pamphlets under a three-shilling dimension, and indeed any larger ones would not be fit for a coffee-house perusal." Actors, dramatic amateurs, authors, and wits could be seen at the Bedford, beneath the piazza of Covent Garden; indeed, one might have walked through London in those days and have constantly met with some coffee-house which had usually its particular set of patrons, where it was not so much the twopenny dish of tea or coffee which was actually consumed, as a large space of time, for the purpose either of pleasure or of business.

At Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street shipowners and merchants used to assemble. It was there that the famous Lloyd's List was published and purchased. "Subscriptions," it was headed, "are taken in at three shillings a quarter at the bar of Lloyd's coffee-house in Lombard Street," and it was there that the system of private underwriting of vessels, as opposed to the business of the London Insurance and the Royal Exchange Corporations, was carried on and developed. The insurance business transacted at Lloyd's coffee-house was transferred to the Royal Exchange in 1754, and the results of the gatherings inside its homely walls are to-day visible wherever merchant commerce extends, while its history affords perhaps the most striking example of the fact that these

places of entertainment were patronized from no mere fashion of the time. They supplied a distinct want, and they disappeared not because men were tired of them but because society had outgrown them, and, whether mercantile or fashionable, had worked out more convenient means of supplying its several wants.

An avidity for news and for criticisms of social and political events helped to supply the coffee-houses with customers and newspapers with readers. "Many a man," said Johnson, "who enters the coffee-house in his nightgown and slippers is called away to his shop or his dinner before he has well considered the state of Europe." The increasing desire for something fresher and larger than the slow newsletter had been ministered to most conspicuously when De Foe, with his marvellous insight into public opinion, started his Review. Other sheets, such as the "Daily Courant" and the "Post Boy," met the same need. The newspaper tax of 1712 did not prevent the multiplication of journals, and in 1776 the number of newspapers published in London had risen to fifty-three.

The arrangements for their distribution were imperfect, and therefore most readers found it cheapest and quickest to peruse them in a coffee-house, a plan which enabled the reader to comment on them to a friend, or to argue with a neighbor on the state of affairs, a piquant addition—so some would think—to the perusal of the news of the day. This desire for information and the consequent supply of journals, combined with the need for association for the purpose of business or pleasure, produced a remarkable number of coffee-houses with their varied purposes, where we observe more vividly than in any other places the forces which underlay the daily life of the Londoner. Nearly every important provincial town had, too, its

single newspaper, but in London only was there a constant current from all parts of the world, conducing and ministering to an intellectual activity in singular contrast to the political apathy which predominated, in spite of European wars and the Middlesex election, until the end of the century.

The taverns of a town have in all ages been a noticeable feature of the social life of the time, but many of those of London in the eighteenth century are remarkable because they were the complement of the coffee-houses and gave opportunities for association of a more general character. The Londoner, whether he were a politician at the West End, a man of letters in Fleet Street, a merchant in Bishopsgate Street, or a mere tradesman in Cornhill, was almost certain to belong to one or more clubs which met at some tavern. The Brothers Club—as it is called—which in the beginning of the century was brought into being by Bolingbroke and Swift, often dined at Ozinda's, in St. James's Street. No events in Johnson's life are more characteristic of him than his creation of the Ivy Lane Club in 1746, at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, of *The Club* in 1764, which, commencing its meetings at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, moved in turn to various taverns in St. James's Street; while just at the end of his life he brought together a little evening club at the Essex Head in Essex Street.

In fact the Londoner in the eighteenth century passed the largest part of his time in coffee-houses and taverns, and when one seeks for him after midday he will probably be found in a tavern. No habit was so universal in every class as this of association in some place of entertainment; it was part of the life alike of the nobleman and the tradesman. While the former enjoyed himself in one of the numerous houses in the West End, the latter

was surrounded by his business rivals and his business friends at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street or at the Sixpenny Card Club or at the Free and Easy at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. But when we go with the Londoner to his coffee-house or tavern we should not think too much of the place, for coffee-house and tavern were each only a building which by reason of its existence was the most convenient for the purpose of assemblies, whether of business or of pleasure. The important fact is the remarkable and constant and often informal association of men of like interests, tastes, or occupations for purposes political, commercial, literary, or social. These associations, every one of which is usually called a club even if it was without rules or officers, sprang rapidly into being from the beginning of the century, so rapidly that places by no means always suitable had to be used for their meetings. Very often those who came together assembled round a dinner table. It is said that the Englishman must celebrate any event by a dinner. This, though regarded somewhat as a joke, tells of an almost national characteristic which arises from his much-abused climate. The Londoner of the eighteenth century had to meet his friends and associates within doors, and the climate also had made a hearty meal necessary. Thus the dinner table was obviously the place where he could most conveniently consort with men of like mind or interest with himself. But the innumerable associations in coffee-houses and taverns for every conceivable purpose could not have taken place except in a city where there was complete individual freedom, an entire absence of governmental suspicion or supervision, and where, in spite of some class differences, men of different grades and occupations consorted with-

out ceremony. The political clubs of the age of Anne brought together men of the highest and lowest birth; the Duke of Ormond sat at the same table with John Gay, who had once been a silkmercer's apprentice; and Johnson's club, The Club, which was established in 1764, was equally marked by its tone of social equality; and though the City man was to some extent looked at with disdain by the beau from St. James's Street, there was in London in the eighteenth century far greater association between men of all degrees than in any other city at this period in any other country in the world; in other words, the modern democratic spirit was to be seen beneath all the ceremonious phrases, the differences of dress, and the external appellations of the men who were gathered within the metropolis from St. James's Street to the Royal Exchange, and in the meetings in the coffee-house and the tavern is visible more than in any other place the growth not only of the democratic spirit but of the mental activity, in fact of all the forces which go to make up life as we understand it in these days.

The theatre was the sole place of rational amusement where all classes met, and it was only at the theatre that human passions and the tragedy and comedy of life could be perused, for the novel had not yet supplied men and women with an inexhaustible mass of imaginative literature dealing alike with romantic and commonplace stories. Indeed, even if books and newspapers had been in abundance, the possibilities of reading at those times when the modern Londoner chiefly enjoys it in the short and dark winter days were small. For in the eighteenth century London was a city of darkness; it was the absence of powerful artificial illuminants that made the Londoner of every class an early riser, which forced him to

his bed at an equally early hour, deprived him not a little of the pleasure of reading when he had most leisure for it, and made his streets unsafe after dark. It was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century (1807-1810) that gas began to be introduced for the purpose of lighting the streets and houses. Before that time, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, London was lit by candles, and after eleven o'clock the city was in total darkness; later, feeble oil lamps flickered here and there in the streets. To us living in days when darkness can be dispelled in a moment it is scarcely possible to realize the plight of the Londoner, especially in winter, when the short day had come to an end; nothing was left for him but an early departure to his bed, for the absence of light checked the interchange of society, and prejudiced rational amusements, it tended to mental ignorance and to social disorder, and it was a strong barrier to the improvement of not only the London streets but the general condition of the Londoner himself. Light, indeed, has been one of the most improving influences of the nineteenth century, and its increase within and without the buildings of London has done not a little to mark the distinctions between that and the preceding century.

If the Londoner was coarse, brutal in some of his tastes, and rather illiterate, he was at any rate outwardly religious; but his religion, like everything about him, was practical and unemotional, he had a horror of Popery, which he regarded as the cause of not a little of the constitutional disturbance which culminated in the Revolution, and of the disagreeable uncertainty which agitated the kingdom before the death of Anne. He went to church not only on Sundays but also on weekdays. Out of the 111 churches in London in 1733 forty-four had a

daily service, in most instances both in the morning and the evening, while in some churches there were more than this number. In addition, 120 congregations of Nonconformists worshipped in their own fashion. These churches were, with the exception of those in Southwark, Westminster, and the parts immediately adjacent to the City, actually in the City itself, and the merchant or the draper walked with his family from his home in Lombard Street or Wood Street to and from St. Bartholomew's or St. Alban's.

In the most of the London churches an organ was not to be heard, and they were filled with ugly pews dominated by a high pulpit from which a divine preached an unimpassioned sermon to a congregation which regarded church-going as one of the recognized proprieties of existence. The London clergyman was well paid and well read in his own subject, and was often the holder of a degree in divinity; he typified exactly the divine of the eighteenth century who discoursed to his audience with a large proportion of abstract reasoning and common sense. He had, says Sir Leslie Stephen, "to stock the ordinary mind with a due provision of common-sense maxims which might serve to keep its proprietor out of mischief and make him a respectable member of society." The eighteenth century was without ideals; emotional religion, the intercourse between a personal Deity and humanity, was entirely foreign to the minds alike of preacher and congregation, and preacher and layman in London were alike satisfied with the existing order of things. Theological reasoning was intended to reconcile religious theories with the Church as it then existed, and the worthy merchant who lived a sober, charitable, and not profane existence might regard himself as on the high road to salvation. He was an object worthy of imitation,

and the occupier of the City pulpit, when he left questions of theology, was far from reproaching the sinfulness of the world in general and of his congregation in particular. Rather he desired that his flock should follow the example of the most respected of their members, and lead an honest and respectable life suitable to a citizen of no mean city.

Nothing was more disliked than enthusiasm, and in discussions on the principles and grounds of a religious belief, discussions which raised ethical questions which were argued in a language often scarcely comprehensible to the ordinary layman, the vitality of religion was lost, and the whole mental atmosphere of the men of the time became more and more tranquil. Thus the Londoner, untroubled by thoughts of a Popish prince and of a religion of which he was afraid, with Churchmen and Nonconformists comparatively at peace, found the political and social characteristics of the time accentuated both in his church and his meeting-house.

The formalism which is so marked a feature in the religious observances of the Londoner is visible in his marriage ceremonies. They were a curious mixture of revelry and religion, but the latter was superficial. There must be a religious ceremony, but if it were performed by a broken-down parson in a tavern off Fleet Street, much more in a West-End chapel, this was quite sufficient. The idea of anything in the nature of a sacrament, of any divine binding of human ties, was wholly absent. Sir Walter Besant suggests that the Fleet and other marriages were the consequence of a desire to save expense, because special licenses were costly and banns were regarded as coarse; but the latter reason hardly fits in with innumerable features of the Londoner's daily life, and he did not begrudge his money on the fes-

tivities at home, which lasted for two or three days. The real reason was the attitude of the Londoner towards religion, which he regarded as part of the British Constitution. These formal and irreligious weddings were ended by Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act of 1753, which required that the marriage should be preceded either by the publication of banns for three successive Sundays, or by a license, which could not in the case of minors be granted without the consent of parents or guardians. It put an end to innumerable scandals—the marriage of men who were so drunk that they were married without their knowledge, the clandestine taking away of young girls—but it also terminated a practice which was found convenient by all classes of the community. Nearly three thousand Fleet marriages had, it was shown by a Parliamentary return, occurred in four months, and one Fleet parson had married 173 couples in a day. Allowing for all the sham and immoral and fraudulent marriages, the number of these ceremonies was far in excess of anything which could have been caused by fraud and debauchery alone. Though this Act not only increased morality, and improved society, and altered fundamentally the conditions necessary for the validity of a marriage, and thus put an end to a travesty of a religious ceremony, it did not make the Londoner more sincerely religious.

We must date more serious ideas of the marriage ceremony from the religious reaction which began with the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield and produced the evangelical revival in the Church of England after the middle of the century, the consequence of which on the general body of the inhabitants of London was not visible for many years. For they were far less susceptible to the emotional addresses of evangelical preachers, cler-

ical or lay, than were the people of the country towns and the ignorant dwellers in remote villages, and the preaching of Romaine, who week by week taught justification by faith from the pulpit of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, and then of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, was altogether exceptional, sometimes meeting with opposition, and sometimes causing large numbers to attend, many of whom, it may be suspected, listened to him only from curiosity or excitement.

A wedding, as has just been hinted, was not the affair of a morning or an afternoon—holidays in London were very few—and unquestionably a wedding was seized on as an opportunity for merry-making. In these festivals the London of the eighteenth century retained a good deal of the customs of mediæval England. They "lasted two or three days, there was no honeymoon, no wedding journey, the young couple remained in their own house; the wedding tour, with the bridesmaid for companion, came later." That a wedding journey as we now understand it should be uncommon was a necessity of the time when travelling was difficult. "After the celebration in the church there was a great banquet given by the bride's father; there was dancing and music after the feast; outside the butchers performed with their marrow-bones and cleavers; the bridegroom, whose duty it was to wait upon the guests, gave the broken meat to the poor." Everything again is typical of the age—individual enjoyment after a purely formal religious ceremony.

In none of the events of human life has ceremony played so large a part as in funerals, and in a period such as the eighteenth century, marked by the absence of simplicity and by an exaggerated decorum, which was in contrast with a frequent coarseness of speech and action, it was certain that

funerals would be noticeable for their artificiality and ostentation. This aspect of a melancholy rite was more especially prominent in London, where men were wealthy and well-to-do, and where all the trappings of woe were at hand. To meet the requirements of the parishioners many of the London churches kept handsome velvet palls; the smallness of the parishes enabled mourners to walk to church, and the procession moved over the short distance from the house to the grave headed by one or more beadles, with twelve or more pall-bearers; the mourners followed two by two; the church was hung with black, and plumes were borne before the coffin. It was a time when the wealth and respectability of the merchant or the lawyer could be shown to the world. This panoply of woe, this complete hiding of natural human feeling under a mass of ceremonial, among the middle and upper sections of society, had its effects for many years, and is still apparent and remains a marked instance of eighteenth-century formalism, a formalism which was most remarkable in the cities of London and Westminster. Nor was ostentation at funerals confined to the upper classes: the mechanic paid part of his earnings in his life-time that he might be glorified at his death. For this purpose he belonged to a burial club, the usual form of subscription being a shilling from every living member on the death of one of their fellows. Thus a good coffin, black cloaks, hoods, and scarves could be furnished; large numbers of the trade then followed the body of their comrade to the grave, usually during the night, and the ceremony ended with a feast of cake and wine.

While everywhere in London we observe in the man evidences of what may succinctly be called its expansion, differentiating the man from the dwell-

ers in country towns and rural parts, the women will be found to be in a more stationary state. The mediæval woman was essentially a housewife and a nurse; the enormous families which she produced and but seldom reared caused her time to be occupied with her children, and gave work to those who could care for their younger brothers and sisters. When she was not a nurse she was a housekeeper.

The woman's life was little different in the town or the country, in or out of London. In the eighteenth century in London in essentials she was the same as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though here and there we observe indications of an increasing mental range and activity and of an improved social condition. The wife of the tradesman, it was complained, "must have her fine clothes, her chaise or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diversions." In other words, she was not content merely to sit at home and make her clothes. They could be bought and she had money with which to purchase them, and she was not going to remain a mere drudge, when her husband went to his club and her son to Ranelagh. In her, too, the modern spirit of individuality was working. If Genoa velvets and mantua silks were exhibited in the shops of Ludgate Hill, why was she not to buy them and wear them and show them to the world? Money was plentiful, opportunity was at hand, and the woman of the eighteenth century was not going longer to remain a mere housewife. A few women had begun to attract attention by reason of some mental activity, and those whose minds had vitality were stimulated by their example. "Mrs. Montague," enthusiastically exclaimed Fanny Burney, who is more interesting as an example of a quick-witted young woman of London than as a

writer of fiction, "is our sex's glory." Mrs. Thrale and her coterie worshipped brightness, they were always looking for it, and they exaggerated the least departure from dulness into wit. Spasmodically and partially, the mind of women in London was awakening, showing its activity sometimes in the production of books, in association with men of ability, in the search after bright verbal expression, in contempt for the country cousin. "His daughters," wrote Fanny Burney of the children of Robert Raikes of Gloucester, the philanthropist, with suggestive contempt, "are a common sort of country misses."

Though the woman of London was thus beginning to emerge from the servile position of past centuries, she was not in the matter of education a bit better than her country cousin. Of education, as we understand it, she had next to none. She was taught to read and to write, and useful and ornamental needlework, when she was in her teens; when she grew a little older she learnt to dance, to play on the piano, the harpsichord, or the guitar, perhaps to speak French and to play cards. Women who had been ladies' maids, or some poor creatures who had no other means of livelihood, were the teachers; system was entirely absent, the subjects taught were few, and the instruction was quite superficial, so that any mental cultivation came from the pupil herself—from picking up her father's books, from mere intellectual interests casually excited and equally casually directed to some particular subject.

But though the interests of the women of London were becoming less narrow, and their lives were enlarging, they were yet very monotonous. Monotony is not wearisome to those who have never felt the need for variety, but at this time the greater activity of men necessarily reacted on the wom-

en of the age, who found the chief antidote to the dulness which they began to realize in cards. When card-playing is general it necessarily follows that among those who are heedless the pastime will develop into gambling. But gambling among women in London in the eighteenth century was certainly not extensive; indeed, it was confined to the more fashionable women at the West End. Card-playing was, however, more common even among women than among men. While these were talking at their taverns, the women were passing the time at the card-tables. It is an example of the way in which the life of a section of the community is regarded as representative, that the doings in St. James's Street have caused the idea that gambling was general in London. Fox at his faro bank; Selwyn forming what he called a tie—in other words, arranging to pay to some friend twenty guineas for every ten which he should lose above fifty guineas in order to prevent himself from playing at high stakes; young Lord Stavordale losing eleven thousand pounds at one sitting; Lady Mary Coke carefully adding up her modest losses of seventy or a hundred guineas at "lu"—were the leaders of a small though conspicuous coterie. The man of business and the lawyer did not gamble and did not play cards so largely as their wives and daughters, who turned to the cards to break the monotony which was yet unstirred by novels, by many places of amusement, and by facility of locomotion, which more than anything else has changed the course of women's lives. Cards, the tea-gardens, shopping, seem but a poor antidote to the dulness of making jams and pickles, getting up linen, or pulling silver-thread in the parlor. But all the thousand and one occupations of a purely domestic life required some personal

activity and represented part of the round of a wholesome home-life, and this, after all, was the essential feature in winter and summer, in youth and age, of the woman of London as of her country sister. It produced no little activity and some independence, and unquestionably an ordered freedom. It probably accounts for the marked difference between the efforts of the French and the English women at this time, for the intellectual woman of London was not in the least subjective. She was quiet and tranquil, and rarely reigned over a brilliant *salon*. The girl of London, if she learnt less than the child who in Paris passed her days in a convent, was brought up, if in ignorance, yet in freedom and in contact with boys and youths, so that, if her interest were chiefly engrossed by clothes and cards, she developed into a free and healthy creature.

The coarseness and brutality which marked the lower classes of Englishmen in the eighteenth century were equally noticeable among the poorer women of London. It is a sign of increasing civilization when physical work is more and more allotted to men; in the times which we are considering much was done by women which is now wholly the task of men. It is startling to observe how many women enlisted in the army or volunteered into the navy, and instances of women disguised as men being engaged in some civil occupation are frequent. Much of the work about the Thames side was done by women, and they cultivated most of the market gardens by which the metropolis was surrounded, carried the produce to market on their heads, and hawked it through the streets. Everywhere the courtesan was seen—banned in theory by the law she was still found all over London, only the poorest, who could not bribe the constable, being hurried to the Bridewell.

Self-respect and education were not yet universal among the middle and upper classes, and so it was inevitable that large numbers of the poorer women of London should be both coarse and degraded. But unquestionably their condition was, in spite of these failings, improving in a marked degree. We see this by the fact that the London housewife of the eighteenth century was already beginning to complain bitterly of her servants. They were said to be exorbitant in their demands for higher wages, which, from thirty to forty shillings a year at the beginning of the century, had towards the middle and later period of the age increased to six, seven, and eight pounds. The mistress, too, complained that her servants were too well educated, too independent, too fond of fine clothes: "scarcely a wench," complains a lady in Johnson's paper in the "Idler" (1750), where Betty Brown tells the story of her life, "was to be got for all work, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles and to sit at work in the parlor window." And, says another contemporary writer, "plain country Jane is changed into a fine London madam." These and many similar facts are interesting because they are striking evidence of the change for the better in all classes of society, marking in regard to servants an advance, broadly speaking, from the old mediæval condition of slaves, speaking popularly, to that of free individuals giving their services in exchange for a fair return of money. It means that servants were obtaining a better remuneration; that locomotion, in spite of bad roads and many difficulties, was becoming more easy, so that the rural districts could supply the capital with workpeo-

ple—the beginning of a movement which to-day is one of the most conspicuous features of English social life. It means, also, that the interests of daily existence were becoming larger, and that the difference between the several classes of which society is formed—differences which can never be wholly swept away—were becoming less marked. In other words, to repeat the same point, we are on the threshold of modern English life.

Of this feature of the age we have yet another instance when we note how towards the end of the century the City was becoming less alike a business centre and a home of the merchant. For the man of business was beginning to live in the West End, and to have his cottage in the rural districts close to the metropolis in what are now parts of the town or its suburbs, and town houses of the Londoner were beginning to surround the mansions of noblemen—Powis House in Great Ormond Street, Burlington House, Leicester House, Dorchester House, which had hitherto been in fact country houses, bearing some resemblance to places such as Osterley Park is to-day, and Holland House was to the men of the thirties. This change had many results; among others it lessened the attendance at the City churches, which we notice here because this falling off in the size of the congregations has been regarded as showing a less religious spirit. It tended also to destroy the homogeneity of the City, except as a business centre, and to minimize the differences which existed between the citizens and those who came from the west side of Temple Bar. The City man, whether in business or in an office, unless he was a member of Parliament, or held some exceptional position, was regarded as an intruder outside his own boundaries. To this exclusiveness the movement westwards helped to put an

end. In the villa, whether it was Mr. Thrale's near the quiet village of Streatham, or Sir Joshua's at Richmond, or Garrick's at Richmond, is visible, in some form or other, a love of quiet and of a country life not too far removed from the centre of national affairs. Even Lord Chesterfield had his villa at Blackheath—to-day the last place in the world one would fix on for a rural retreat—which he called Babiole, in compliment to his friend Madame de Monconsell, and where he cultivated melons and pineapples with something akin to enthusiasm. These villas must not, however, be regarded as suburban dwellings; they occupied the place of the country house of to-day which is conveniently reached from London for week-end visits and longer stays in summer and autumn. The gardens by which they were surrounded were, it is true, often disfigured by artificial ornaments of a pseudo-classical style, faint imitations of the extraordinary collections of temples, alcoves, and statuary which were placed all over the immense pleasure-grounds of Stowe. But the basis of the taste was the appreciation of nature, which in all sorts of ways has always appealed to the English man and woman.

It is fatal to a proper appreciation of the past to consider it from a modern point of view. Neither the agreeable nor disagreeable aspects of the eighteenth century gave as much pleasure or as much pain to the men of the age, we may be sure, as they appear to do to us. Put a modern Londoner on the top of a coach for a drive to Oxford; if the weather and company be agreeable, he will probably say he had never spent a more enjoyable day in his life; if circumstances are adverse, his comments on his day's expedition will be equally adverse. But the man who in 1750 set out from Holborn to drive to Cambridge took the good and the bad

of the time with an equal mind. Will Marvel's imaginary adventures in his journey to Devonshire were, after all, only pleasant exaggerations of the common vicissitudes of rain and sunshine, and many social and natural features, which seem to us intolerable, were usually passed over with scarcely a complaint. To us, with modern London extending for many miles from its centre—a series of unsightly streets—the numerous public gardens of the eighteenth century, the rural aspect of the parts immediately around London, the clear and stately river with its ships and boats, appeal with singular force; to our forefathers, they were part of their ordinary existence. But unquestionably they made London very agreeable, and even allowing for many obvious defects, London in the eighteenth century must have been an uncommonly enjoyable place to its inhabitant. We may admit that he had no ideals, that the political state was torpid, that he was sunk into a cyni-

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cal conservatism, that society was gross, and that the lives of most women were unendurably monotonous. The Londoner was, however, as we have said, enjoying the singular experience of religious and political peace; it was an age of quiet, silent movements of scarcely perceptible forces; for all the intellectual activities which have characterized the nineteenth century were germinating. In the avidity with which news and comments on events were read and discussed in the coffee-houses, in the political literature, in the association of men of all kinds in coffee-houses and taverns for commercial, social, or literary purposes, we see in embryonic form all the elements of the next age—"ce siècle a engendré le notre"—and it is because of the circumstances of this interregnum between two epochs that London in the eighteenth century is so full of interest, for there, more clearly than elsewhere, the evolution of the modern Englishman can be studied.

THE SMALL FAMILY AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Governments dependent upon militarism, also colonial and territorial communities, naturally set a high value upon large families. Early and mediæval teachers, apart from social and political reasons for the spread of Christian population, insisted upon an other-worldly motive for it. Life, under whatever disadvantages, was to be held a precious boon as a probationary field of endeavor, and children were to be desired as heirs of heaven and immortality. No discouragement was felt from the belief that the opposite theological pole to heaven, the literal, incandescent hell, was for ever burning without consuming the black sheep

that fell into the lake of fire and brimstone; yet, the larger the flock, the greater surely was the risk that one or more black sheep would be found in it.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the most extraordinary product of modern times, contributed extensively by his wars to the population of the unknown world beyond the grave. It was not religious considerations that made him adhere to the old valuation of woman which bore a distinct ratio to her fertility. His own power depended upon the number of soldiers he could bring into the field.

In the last two or three decades the

vanishing of the large family as a characteristic feature of our refined, educated, and law-abiding citizens has been loudly deplored by sociologists and moralists as a menace to domestic happiness and to future civilization.

It is alleged with truth that certain butterfly and moth women consider maternity a disagreeable interruption to their round of pleasures. They prefer the fond companionship of an ugly bull-terrier to that of a beautiful babe because it is not so helpless and exacting. These partially developed females, however, constitute too insignificant a minority to endanger the survival of parental instinct in our affluent classes. Nature takes care that this instinct shall remain tremendously strong in every class. Even in childless individuals there is seldom a real decay of it. For proof of this statement, note that in every civilized community the persons who love best and work most for other people's children are mature single women.

As a rule it is the mother of a few children who develops the maternal instinct most fully and most admirably, for she has time to realize and to follow out its manifold bearings. The sorely pressed mother of a swarm is forced to be content if she can fill their clamorous stomachs, keep decent clothes on their backs, and send them abroad with tolerably clean faces. If she thinks sometimes of the finer spiritual and mental influences of a complete motherhood, it is with a despairing sigh, for her head, heart, hands, and pocket-book are not equal to the whole figure.

Motive is composite. This growing disinclination towards the large family has various sources, and they are deep, not shallow springs.

To begin with: underneath the boundless activity, the feverish energy of this period, there is a pervasive, ill-concealed uncertainty with regard to

the outcome of it all. Unquestionably the change from a blind belief in traditional and sacerdotal authority has had a subtle effect upon the educated estimate of life itself. Many thoughtful men and women, while agreeing with orthodox believers that this sphere, viewed in the light of a finality, is a ghastly failure, yet need scientific proof for the assurance of a compensating personal existence hereafter. It is easy to understand that they hold almost an apologetic attitude towards their offspring for having awakened them to the conscious heritage of a doubtful blessing. This compunction ramifies in other quarters; the elderly spinster often feels it when she meets the fathomless blue eyes of an infant. Along with a dimmed yearning in her own eyes rises a distinct self-congratulation in her heart that she has brought no one here to suffer after her death. Childless couples often outlive their early desire for offspring, because of the sorrow and trouble they have seen friends suffer through undutiful or unfortunate children, and become resigned to the loss of many joys because of their escape from the risk of terrible disappointments. They, too, end by interesting themselves actively in the children of others, thus following the natural law which impels those advancing in years to seek a renewal of hope and promise in the fresh growth of humanity that is ever springing up to inherit the earth.

The truth is that, while there is a diminution of parental severity among the reasoning, well-bred class, the sense of responsibility, of obligation, extends over a widening area. Life is broader from every standpoint than it used to be. Refinement and cultivated tastes prevail not alone among the wealthy. Never on this planet were so many persons liberally endowed in these respects so inadequately provided with the means of gratifying these tastes—

and this in spite of all the modern facilities.

Nobody will deny that the actual necessities of human life are simple. Add a scanty article of clothing and a club to the *ménage* of one of the larger apes in a zoo, give him a fire along with his rations, and the needs of a primitive man are supplied. Three or four days of hunger in an open boat will bring the most highly civilized man to accept with avidity food that the ape would reject. The matter of requirements is not an exact science: it is altogether dependent upon the point of view.

Cultivated parents, whether their incomes be large or small, are all making a constant effort to give their children comforts and the degree of luxury which appears necessary for their own standpoint. They are instinctively seeking to develop in them an appreciation of all that is finest in every department, and this appreciation begets a desire of possession on the part of the children. These are more highly organized, more sensitive, than the young denizens of slum districts. Experiments in some of our public schools have demonstrated this. The rearing of sensitives to the full use of their faculties is a more intricate problem than the mere question of muscular endurance for honest toil.

A lawyer, a physician, the cashier of a bank, who earns but a few thousand a year, wants to give his sons a college education if they evince a capacity for it. He would respect them more for breaking stones in the street than for looking to him for support after they have reached adult years; but he aims to equip them for some occupation or profession that will prove more lucrative than breaking stones, more in harmony with the social environment of the family, with their inherited tendencies, and above all with their individual talents and

proclivities. In order to do this he must make sacrifices which will prepare and establish two sons, but not four or five.

And then come the daughters. Their mother best understands what these require. In consideration of their father's moderate income, the girls as well as the boys should be fitted to earn a livelihood later on; but, while encouraging them to assimilate all the technical instruction necessary for this object, is that mother really desirous of their putting it into practice for any length of time? No, she wants her girls, every one of them, to find—or, to express it more acceptably, to be found by—good husbands; for, with all the defects of the institution and all the burdens consequent upon it, she is aware that no career will serve as a full and satisfactory substitute for a suitable marriage.

And on what does this suitable marriage depend?

Undoubtedly there are chance travelers, dauntless explorers, who discover and wed maidens in an unknown social desert; but the maidens are very fair, and the explorers are very rare. The average girl in the families referred to meets her elect suitor through the regular working of affiliations which her parents established years before her *début*. If they have always tried to fulfil "the cardinal law of society, a cutlet for a cutlet," if they have kept up their visiting list and rendered their home attractive, their grown daughters, through the consequent interchange with the daughters of friends, will be likely to make the acquaintance of at least a few desirable candidates for matrimony. A summer outing of a few weeks at the seashore or in the mountains will be considered almost indispensable. The blossom-time is short, and parents should not be censured for wishing to render it bright and happy, a beautiful

memory in afterdays of care and responsibility. If the bud is frostbitten and blighted, the fruit will be sour and shrivelled.

Old ladies tell us that their grandmothers' outfits as *débutantes* often consisted of two cotton prints for morning wear, a woollen afternoon dress, with the addition of a bonnet and pelisse for visiting, and one or two white muslins for evening parties, ribbons and natural flowers of different colors giving variety to the costume. Buoyant young belles from the best country families spent gay winters in Washington content with such an outfit.

The daughter of a twelve or fourteen-hundred dollar clerk in one of the departments there would disdain it now, for it would place her on an unequal footing with her companions. She could not bring in her young friends to a dance, and follow it with an impromptu feast of gingerbread, apples, nuts, and cider, in a basement dining-room, minus embroidered centrepiece, flowers, and bonbons.

A watchful, ingenious mother may clothe her *débutante* daughter from bargain counters, but she cannot feed her and her associates from them. Bargain counters in the markets would be dangerous to the public health.

It will be urged that girls should adjust their costumes, entertainments, their outlay *in toto*, to their resources. As a matter of fact they are obliged to do this, but they are excusable for aspiring to the best things within view, for this sort of emulation is atmospheric, it is the very ozone of republican institutions. It is plain that a young lady's chances are influenced to a considerable extent by the rate of expenditure her parents can afford. At best a suitable marriage cannot always be effected. Opportunity along this line is pre-eminently coy and elusive. It is far wiser for her to remain

single to the end of her days than to mate recklessly.

Opportunity is elusive also in the line of the art, business, or profession the girls have studied for the purpose of maintaining themselves. Never before were there so many openings for women, and never did such a throng of eager applicants stand around, about, athwart, before, behind, and between one another at each open door. The excellence guaranteed by certificates, diplomas, and civil service examinations must be reinforced by the same amount of influence and patronage that was indispensable before these latter-day credentials of fitness were exacted.

Never were the lunatic, the epileptic, the incurable so humanely housed and tended; but charity does not embrace the weak, the inefficient, the mediocre. Never in the history of civilization were so many weak, foredoomed contestants for a livelihood brought into battle with the strong. Advanced medical science and improved sanitation are preserving the unfit to be subsequently pushed to the wall.

By the finest law of equity women should receive equal wages with men who are doing the same kind of work. When this law is recognized competition will be rendered all the fiercer. Many women are employed now for economical reasons. When wages become equal the average female employee will be dismissed if as useful a male be available to take her place. Women who are superlatively useful will be retained, and their less capable, more indolent fathers, husbands, and brothers too often will lie back and rest on their oars. Thus a full recognition of the claims of the female sex will increase the pressure upon it. No one would wish to see woman relegated to her former place in the working world. Progressive experiments must be carried out to their logical se-

quence, and in course of time demand and supply will come into more harmonious relations. For several generations, however, the process is bound to cause strain and suffering, to involve the ruthless sacrifice of delicate frames and still more delicate instincts, of artistic tastes and soulful longings. Born race-horses will perforce turn themselves into dray-horses, their fire and mettle at the start not availing to save them from sinking under the heavy load and the crushing wheel of routine. Meanwhile is it surprising that far-sighted, sympathetic mothers with small incomes should not pray that they may be given six lovely daughters to precipitate into this *mêlée*?

Wedded pairs deemed "rich" by fellow-townsmen who have nothing share this feeling of insecurity to some extent. The difficulty of making safe investments, the reduced interest paid on capital, the daily news of deterioration and loss of fortune in unsuspected directions create a fear of insufficient provision for a numerous progeny.

Millionaires with few or no children of their own have contributed incalculably to the advance of civilization by the endowment of hospitals, colleges, and libraries for the benefit of the children of their fellow-citizens.

It becomes evident that the self-preserving instinct, the necessity for concentrating advantages, is the chief factor in this noticeable appreciation of the small family on the part of our most refined and best-educated citizens.

The modern tendency in all grades is towards the development and elevation of the individual as a unit. It is the individual that counts in the business world, which has to do solely with the unit.

The small family is more favorable than the large one to the production of

the unit, because it gives a better training for the order and system which bear so directly upon success in business, nor does it lack the opportunity for improving other sides of personal character. In a widespread band of brothers and sisters the suppression of some member's interests too often becomes inevitable, and unselfishness carried to the superlative degree amounts to suicide.

If civilization in the future is to depend solely upon the *numbers* of its present exponents, it cannot be assured, for the Washed will always be outnumbered by the Unwashed. Quality rather than quantity is the assurance each generation, each family should endeavor to give to the future, and the duty to the near should always take precedence of the duty to the far. More vital energies, moral, mental, and physical advantages, in all probability, will be transmitted to posterity by three or four highly individualized, well-equipped representatives of a family, than by eight or ten poverty-stricken weaklings and degenerates.

Apparently our more recently adopted citizens, the ever-landing Celt, Teuton, Slav, and Latin, are not discouraged by difficulties in rearing large families on slender incomes, hence the ultimate passing of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling factor in this government is confidently predicted. The framers of our Constitution, in their spirit of boundless hospitality, paved the way for the displacement of their own descendants, and in doing their utmost to prevent the monopoly of power by an oligarchy or an aristocracy the decline of family prestige and influence became a foregone conclusion. The Adamses of Massachusetts gave two Presidents to the young Republic, and have continued to enjoy social prominence, at one time sending a minister to the Court of St. James's. The

Lees of Virginia have contributed a dominant figure to the field of American history in every generation from the colonial to the present period. But these are rare instances. More and more new names are heard in official places. More than twenty nationalities are represented in our army and navy. After a while the term "American" will convey the idea of a mixture.

There are still a good many unadulterated Anglo-Saxons, however. In the New England States there has been but little mingling with foreign blood, and the English Puritan is distinctly visible as a prevailing type among the educated classes. But in Boston, their metropolis, an incongruous spectacle is presented: Puritans in blood and the Protestant instinct are living under a city government that is administered by Irish Catholics.

In the Southern States also there is no appreciable evidence of foreign admixture by marriage with the Anglo-Saxon until we come to the Gulf, save for the strain of French Huguenot blood in South Carolina. In the Gulf States the French and Spanish ancestry of a large proportion of the residents becomes decidedly marked.

Owing to altered conditions in the South, an English type formerly prominent through vast areas is rapidly disappearing. "Taps" has sounded for the landed proprietor, a hospitable country gentleman at home, a brave knight on the field of battle. Peace to the generous soul of the Cavalier! The reverent throng of twenty thousand that not long ago followed the bier of General Wade Hampton was paying tribute, not only to his fine personality and honorable record, but to the vanishing of an old influential order.

A very different Anglo-Saxon type persisted in the more limited area of

the city of Philadelphia from colonial times up to our Civil War. The Quaker merchant was an object-lesson in honesty and thrift to the business circles of the nation. Though declining to fight, he was ready to die for his principles. Frugal and saving, he loved money well, but he loved honor more, for he refused to profit by the bankrupt law when he failed in business. This respected figure in a plain gray coat and broad-brimmed hat, whose yea and nay were worth more than many an oath, left a stable impress on Philadelphia. Solitary specimens of the genus may still be discerned in the old haunts.

The Anglo-Saxon stamp will be retained on our language, customs, laws, and literature. In other directions we cannot keep what we have, but "we can transmute the things that we have into the things that we are." This transmutation is going on all the time. There have been many apparent wrecks; the disintegration of estates, the impoverishment of clans, the deflection of trade currents, the losses by storm, pest, and warfare, the absorption through intermarriage have wrought radical changes, yet up to this date we remain fairly civilized as a nation, except for occasional lapses into savagery when lynching criminals at home and torturing Fillipinos abroad.

There are prophets who even fear that our conglomeration of white nationalities will be extinguished in the end by a Black and Yellow overflow.

Without doubt the locust, the potato-bug, the army-worm, even the insignificant house-fly, coming in vast incalculable hordes, could succeed in crowding out human life. If such a catastrophe could be averted at the time of imminent danger, it would only be by a supreme exercise of the highly-organized human brain as an

offset to the persevering destructive instinct of the lower organism.

It being generally admitted that no special class or nationality among us can expect to remain dominant, it is also generally desired that the race we all hold in common, the White, should continue at the helm. In furtherance of this aim it becomes imperative that every white citizen should preserve a superiority in something deeper than skin, as he cannot trust to numbers. He must seek to exercise and to develop the native endowment of faculty which he owes to his highly-organized race, an endowment superior to the inheritance of other races. The aggregate of this endeavor and accomplishment should suffice for the retention of a now undisputed sceptre. As each new generation takes up the rule it should make and enforce laws on a sound sociological and economic basis, and these will promote true and legitimate progress in all directions. Let no reckless legislator attempt to break down the long-standing embankment between the white and inferior races who are dwelling within our gates. Along the Mississippi "cutting the levee" is counted one of the worst crimes against the State. Communities having only a tiny stream to fear can better afford to neglect precautionary measures.

In face of all prophecy and speculation, however, the Whither remains as impenetrable as the Whence. No generation can discern its evolutionary

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trend and bearing upon its own or any other race. Evolution is always an unconscious process to the participants therein. The remnant of despised Israelites fleeing to the desert from the tyranny of Egypt looked hopefully towards a Promised Land which would be walled in from the outside heathens by separating rites and strictest regulations. The wandering Hebrew did not suspect that his grandest prerogative was to be, not the exclusive ownership of an earthly paradise, but the transmission of his monotheistic conception of the Deity to alien races until finally it should encompass the globe. When the African savage crossed an unknown sea, mourning his dusky brood, his sun-baked hut, the idea could never have entered his thick skull that a cruel wrong to himself and his countrymen would be overruled in the end by the benefits of a civilization attainable in no other way.

It is only long after a series of events that the thoughtful philosophical student of history comes upon an evolutionary trail and begins to understand the making of an epoch. A peculiar thrill often attends such a discovery, for in that trail something becomes manifest to him that he can attribute neither to accident nor coincidence, only to design. This leads up to a great Designer by a logical argument that cannot always be traced in the story of an individual or of a generation.

Frances Albert Doughty.

Baltimore, Md.

ELIZABETH'S ROOINEK.

Elizabeth came out on the top of the kopje; and while Kess, her one-eyed bony steed, cropped with a somewhat malignant joy the few blades of the only tuft of grass which survived on the bare, baked crown, she tilted forward the brim of her soft hat, shapeless and drab from rain and sun, and scanned anxiously the riband of road which ran straight across the veld and turned along the kopje's feet to the north. Her eyes brightened slowly; for, far beyond the range of European sight, they marked a thickening of the haze which meant a cloud of dust, and saw that it was moving towards her. That dust-cloud meant news; news of battle and siege, ambush and skirmish, news perhaps of her father fighting with Cronje. She came slowly down the kopje, holding back Kess who was greedy for the grass at the bottom; for in spite of his fine show of ribs, of all his ribs indeed, it was his custom to eat steadily for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. At the bottom she slipped out of the saddle, loosed him, and sat down, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, waiting for the dust-cloud to draw nearer.

After a little idle wonder about the news that was coming, whether the Kaffirs were right in their story of a great Boer victory, her contending feelings about the war began their undying, harassing conflict. On the one hand her mother was an English-woman; and, since she had always been brought up among the Boers of her father's kin, with a natural womanly contrariness Elizabeth had clung to her mother's people, proclaiming herself in and out of season, above all out of season, English and not Dutch. It was the nearer the truth and the more

natural in that she had been not only her mother's pet but her intimate companion till her death six years ago. On the other hand, during those six years she had been as close a companion of her father as she had been earlier of her mother, sharing with him as a son might have done the life of the veld, going with him even on his far-away hunting expeditions. She loved the grave, silent man dearly; she admired him greatly; she had wept for the first time since her mother's death when he rode away to the war at the head of his commando of kinsfolk and neighbors. She could not wish him worsted; and yet with a stubborn sentimentality she could not wish him victory at the expense of the English, her mother's people.

A faint creaking out on the veld roused her from her reverie; she brushed her hand impatiently across her eyes, thrusting away the conflict, whistled to Kess who trotted up to her at the call; mounted him; and cantered to meet the wagons. It proved to be but one wagon, though its wheels kept up a chorus of grinding squeaks and its tilt and body creaked enough for a dozen; and in it smoking stolidly sat Piet Stoekvis and young Piet Stockvis his son, neighbors, and members of her father's commando. She greeted them, and turning Kess walked him beside the wagon, clamoring for news. She dragged it out of them piece-meal; they were willing enough to give it, indeed, but did not know how. Her father was well, and the war was over; Cronje had beaten Methuen, and driven the Rooineks into the sea; the Rooineks had been beaten at Stormberg and driven into the sea; Joubert had beaten Buller, and driven him into the sea; Ladysmith had fallen;

Mafeking had fallen. For all the good news of her father, Elizabeth's heart was heavy within her.

She had walked beside them two miles, right to the kopjes, when of a sudden there rang above the squeaking and creaking a loud burst of English talk. She knew that it was English, though she did not understand the words, as was not unnatural seeing that the speaker was coaching an eight from the tow-path of the Isis, and his language was exceedingly technical and bad. She pulled up Kess, wondering, and saw walking, or rather staggering, behind the wagon, tied to it by a rope round his waist, a tall, slim man in a torn khaki uniform, the matted hair on his bandaged head, his face, his moustache, and stubbly beard caked with blood and mud and dust, his wild eye fixed on an imaginary crew at which he roared without ceasing. Elizabeth would have seen a Kaffir in that plight with a faint annoyance and possibly a faint pity; the sight of an Englishman, one of her mother's people, so treated scandalized her beyond words, outraged all her womanly ideas of the conduct of war between white nations; and she rode to the front of the wagon in a flame of rage. "Who's this you've got tied to your wagon?" she cried imperiously.

"That's our Rooinek," said the elder Stockvis, his simple, stolid face breaking into an expression of gentle pride. "We found him wandering on the veld, and we're taking him home to show to the little ones."

"Unloose him at once! Take him into the wagon! He's wounded! He's very ill!" cried Elizabeth.

"Take a cursed Rooinek into the wagon! Not I!" cried Stockvis in the liveliest surprise and disgust at the suggestion.

Elizabeth protested, argued, entreated, and raged without stirring him from his stubborn resolves. At

last she said firmly, "Very well, either you take him into the wagon, or you stay here." She rode to the head of the long span of oxen unslinging the little Marlin repeating rifle from her back; reined in Kess, and with the rifle ready on her arm, sat facing Stockvis smiling unpleasantly. Stockvis fumed and raged, swearing softly to his son, grasping slowly the fact that he was helpless. He dared not touch Gerrit De Ruijter's daughter; it would mean shooting the four Kaffirs with him who stood around grinning at his discomfiture. Indeed, he had no great desire to harm Elizabeth; only he was used, in his patriarchal fashion, to having his own way, and was loth to go without it. His son growled to him to yield, and take the Rooinek into the wagon; but that he would not do. Elizabeth smiled at his fuming, and told him what she thought of his Christian charity; he told Elizabeth what he thought of her and her upbringing, and dwelt at length on what would happen to her if she were his daughter. At equal length Elizabeth thanked the Fates that she was not his daughter; and all the while they rated one another, the Englishman behind the wagon coached with a noisy vigor his imaginary crew.

At last it flashed upon Stockvis that his furlough only lasted ten days, and at the same moment he remembered that he was not bent with any great seriousness on taking his captive home to show to the little ones; and he roared, "All this fuss about a very-damned Rooinek! Take him yourself! And much good may he do you!"

"Very good," said Elizabeth, throwing her rifle over her shoulder, and moving towards the wagon. The Kaffir drivers, rejoicing at the defeat of their master, ran to loose the prisoner; with a shriek of agony the wheels turned, and the wagon moved on. As he passed her, Stockvis hit Elizabeth hard

with a misogynistic proverb of Solomon, and a text from the writings of St. Paul; and in two minutes she was left alone with the prisoner. Without a glance at her he coached away at his eight. She looked at him with a knitted, puzzled brow, as the greatness of the task of getting him the fifteen miles daunted her; and while with half a mind she considered how she was to do it, with the other half she tried to understand his oarsman's gibberish. There was nothing for it but to mount him on Kess, and she slipped out of the saddle, and bade him get into it. He mounted readily enough; and she was pleased to see, though she thought very little of his seat, that he could ride. With a heavy heart she started to lead Kess. She could have ridden a hundred miles and suffered little more than a pleasant lassitude from it; but she could not remember ever in her life having walked four. Her heaviness of heart proved well founded: the ascent to the nek between two kopjes tried her muscles; the descent jolted her; but it was only when she came to the heavy going of the karroo that she understood the greatness of the task she had set herself. Presently she found also that the homing instinct, so keen in her on horseback that it would bring her straight across thirty miles of the veld, was by no means so keen on foot, and that she had no chance of moving on a bee-line. Her spirit, however, was stiff with the resolution of two dogged races, and for all that her calves were aching before she had gone a mile beyond the kopjes, and the sweat was pouring down her face, she plodded on with set teeth, her patient eyes only raised from the ground now and again to mark her course. All the while the Rooinek talked. He had given over coaching his crew, but had fallen to talk no less incomprehensible golf-gibberish. He spoke to her now and again, calling her Muriel,

and reproached her bitterly for her inattention if she did not answer. Her head was in a whirl with the effort to follow his strange talk; and the effort seemed to increase the weariness of her legs. At the end of five miles she was for the while beaten; she helped him to dismount, and threw herself down beside him. They rested for half an hour, and then set out again. For all that her riding-boots fitted her admirably, her feet were blistered.

Suddenly her companion cried, "I've a guinea thirst on me! Bring me some whisky and potass, Tomkins! Bring it in a bucket!" She understood him, roughly; but the nearest spruit was at least two miles ahead; and she bade him be patient in vain. He kept crying, almost in a wail "I'm so thirsty!" or angrily, "Hang it all, Muriel, you might get me a drink!"

She gave him soothing words, and made all the haste she could, with the result that she reached the spruit and the end of her forces at the same moment. They climbed painfully down to the water: recent rain had swelled it to a fair stream: he tumbled out of the saddle, and drank like a horse. She was sure that it was bad for his fever; but she was too weary to stop him. She washed the dust out of her mouth and eyes; made up her mind that the delirious Englishman did not matter, and pulling off her boots let her feet dangle in the rushing water. Then she considered what to do: she was seven miles from home, her legs would not carry her another mile and night was not an hour off. There was nothing for it but to leave the Englishman, ride home, and return with another horse. She must chance his wandering away. No: she would not chance it; she tied him to a tree.

In a trice she was in the saddle; Kess, assured that he was galloping towards mealies, stretched himself out; and in less than half an hour she

reached Vrengderijk, her father's homestead. In a few minutes she rode out of it on a fresh horse, leading another, and three long-legged Kaffirs came pelting after her at their amazing speed. She galloped hard till the sudden night fell; and then through the deepest darkness of the night, the hour after sunset when the black veld veritably soaks up the starlight, she rode very warily, letting the horses smell their way past the ant-hills which are so much more dangerous than any rabbit-hole. Now and again she cried back a long ringing cry; and after a while the panting Kaffirs came up. The darkness was nothing to them: in half an hour they brought her to the spruit; and they had not moved down it a quarter of a mile, when they heard the Rooinek singing *John Peel* cheerily. She sent the Kaffirs down to bring him up; and in an hour she had him safe at Vrengderijk.

For the next ten days she fought an untiring battle against his fever: a bullet had ploughed a neat furrow along the side of his skull a full sixth of an inch deep. Day and night she nursed him, aided only by two stupid Kaffir women who watched him during her brief snatches of sleep. And when on the tenth day his fever left him, Elizabeth cried. He was quick in recovering from his weakness; but during the first days of it Elizabeth hung over him as a mother over her child. She felt, indeed, that he belonged to her; and in truth she had snatched him from his enemies, and by the most painful, prolonged efforts had dragged him back from more than half-way down the path to death. This illusion of maternity was strengthened by the fact that the Mauser bullet which had furrowed his skull had dashed more than twenty years out of his life. His first utterances were those of a child of seven, his chief emotion was the vivid, changing curiosity of a

child among strange surroundings. When he came to his senses, Elizabeth's first question—and she held her breath when she asked it—was, "Who is Muriel?"

"I don't know," he said, after thinking a little while. "I never heard of him."

Elizabeth's gasp of relief was almost a groan. Then she drew from him a child's account of himself. His name was Antony Arbuthnot. He lived in a house in a park with papa and mamma and sissy. He had a pony called Taffy, a dog called Gyp, and four rabbits. He did not know the name of the house; his papa was called Antony, his mother Hetty. Every fresh gap in his memory warmed Elizabeth's heart with a fresh joy: it seemed to make him more her own.

She set herself to teach him with a mother's zest; and out of a curious jealousy of his past she taught him for the most part Dutch. He was quick to learn: with the ignorance of a child he had a full-grown brain. His memory worked in strange ways: he did not know the use of a rifle; but when he had seen it fired he proved himself an adept in its use. The first time a horse was brought round for him to ride he was frightened of it, and clutched Elizabeth for all the world like a terrified child: but no sooner had she coaxed him into the saddle than his fear vanished and he showed himself an excellent rider, for all his English seat which she so despised. He began very soon to ride with her about the business of the farm, seeing to the proper grazing of the sheep and cattle and horses, the cultivation of the mealies, the plucking of the ostriches. Sometimes he would seem to grow aware of the gaps in his memory; and of himself, assuredly at no prompting of hers, would strive painfully to fill them. He paid always for the attempts in racking headaches. In a few weeks from

his recovery from his wound his mind had grown to man's estate.

Then they fell in love with such a love as might have brightened Eden before the fall. Their passion was the natural fusion of two tender, ardent natures, quickened neither by vanity, jealousy, nor the desire for mastery. Elizabeth had grown up as innocent as Eve; for since her mother's death she had enjoyed the companionship of none of her own sex; and she was not the girl to let the Kaffir women talk to her of any other than household affairs. Her cousins of Weltevreden and the Schommels of Rusthof, the only near farms, were all men or boys; and her father had discouraged them from hanging about her, as they were ready enough to do, for he was resolved to keep his daughter as long as he could. She had then scarcely dreamed of love; and marriage, the fixed fate of all women in that patriarchal land, seemed to her but a far-away thing. And Antony, owing to the happy loss of twenty years of his life, could have walked an equal with the sinless Adam. Its very vagueness probably deepened their passion. Elizabeth was dimly aware that it was love that troubled her, but always she thrust away a clearer knowledge in an inexplicable faint fear born of some elemental instinct; Antony lived in a bewilderment that was half a delight. Their days were pleasant enough: there was much to do and to talk about. Their trouble came on them in the evenings, when they sat on the broad verandah, looking over the dark veld. Their talk of the dolgs of the day would die down, and they would sit in rich silences filled with half-seen visions, broken by rare murmurs. Either was happy in the sense of the other's nearness; the eyes of either wandered always from the veld and the stars to the other's obscure face; but both were oppressed by the desire

which sometimes grew an aching, to unburden their loaded hearts of feelings utterly beyond their power to express.

There is no knowing how Antony was inspired to kiss her: it may be that some memory of kissing his mother in his childhood taught him; it may be that some strong desire for the touch of his lips, deep down below knowledge in Elizabeth's heart, infected him; it may have been a sudden whisper of nature herself. But one night after happy, troubled hours on the verandah as they rose to go to bed, in the darkness she stumbled against him. On the instant he threw a clumsy, trembling arm round her, and touched her cheek clumsily with his lips. For a breath she leaned against him, inert and quivering, then without a word she broke away, ran to her room, and threw herself on the bed, sobbing in a tumult of joy, amazement and fear. He dropped back into his chair in a bewildered trouble hardly less than hers.

When they met next morning, they were indeed ill at ease. Neither could meet the other's eye; Elizabeth's face was a flame of blushes, and Antony's tan was deepened to a brick-red. Their words halted on their tongues, and died away. Their uneasiness with one another lasted through the day; but as they came riding home at sunset, their eyes were shining, Antony's very brightly, Elizabeth's with a lesser light, at the thought of the coming hours on the verandah. But even there, in the heartening darkness, they were ill at ease for a while. Then Antony's courage came to him, he drew his chair to hers, and put his arm round her, and kissed her again. Elizabeth trembled; but she did not shrink from his lips; and he lifted her on to his knee, and kissed her again and again. Presently they were babbling like children over their wonderful

discovery; and the feelings of their hearts found at last something of an expression. The next day they rode through a new world stamped afresh in the mint of its maker; and that night Elizabeth prayed that Antony might never remember his past, or Muriel.

For a few days they lived in this golden world, mapping out a golden future when Gerrit de Ruijter should come back from the war, and they should marry. At times the dread of his remembering a past that would tear him from her, would chill for a breath Elizabeth's glow; but on Antony all skies smiled. No faint distant thunder of the war marred their serenity; for Elizabeth rode no more for news to the track of the world.

Then the world found them out. One day as they were driving a herd of sheep to fresh pasturage, they saw a horseman riding towards them across the veld, and as he came up to them Elizabeth recognized in the squat, square-faced, pig-eyed boy of fourteen, who belabored cruelly his jaded mare, Frits the youngest of the Schommels. He reined up twenty yards from them, looked them over with an impudent stare, and said with a malicious laugh, "So that's your Rooinek, Betje! You won't have him long. We're tired of your disgracing the country side riding about with a cursed Englander; and tomorrow we're coming, I, and father, and Hans, and all of us to hang him. And Hans is going to marry you. He'll sjambok your cursed English notions out of you: he says he will!"

Elizabeth was white with anger and sudden fear, but she cried fiercely enough, "The Schommels have interfered with the de Ruijters before now, and it was the Schommels who were hanged!"

"Times are changed, Betje!" cried the boy with another laugh. "You haven't heard the news; Cronje is cap-

tured, and your father and your cousins are prisoners. Hans is going to marry you—after we've hanged that cursed Rooinek—whether you like it or not; and Vrengderijk will some day belong to the Schommels. We've wanted it long enough." Then Elizabeth's face frightened him; he swung round his mare; and rode for all he was worth. She was in two minds whether to ride after him and thrash him: indeed, she sent Kess a few strides after him, then pulled up, and turned him homewards.

She rode home with her head high, but with fear knocking at her heart. The Schommels were the black sheep of the country-side. Their long record of atrocious brutalities to the natives, their slaves or the tribes who had once lived near them, appalled even their neighbors, tolerant as they were in such matters. What was worse they were incurable horse-thieves and cattle-thieves, crimes unforgivable in that pastoral land; and no decade during the last fifty years had passed undistinguished by the hanging of Schommels by their goaded neighbors. She knew them to be as good as their threats; and knew very well that she must die sooner than fall into their hands.

Antony listened with a very grave face as she told him of their danger; but when she had done, he only said with the cheery air of an older man, "It was a good thing that that boy must brag of what they were going to do. We will fight them." And for the first time Elizabeth knew that he was stronger than she; and the knowledge warmed her heart.

As soon as they reached home, they set about turning the house into a fort; no very difficult matter, for the Bechuana border was not far away, and it had been built in the days of many raids. Antony's cheerfulness, his boyish joy at the prospect of a fight kept Elizabeth's courage high; he

helped with the defences: and it was on his suggestion that she despatched a Kaffir to Weltevreden with a letter asking help on the chance that one or more of her cousins might be home on furlough, looking after the farm. Later three more Kaffirs followed him driving thither the best of the cattle and the horses. But, when all their measures had been taken, in the reaction from the bustle Elizabeth's heart began to sink. She and Antony supped in the big kitchen, and he saw to it that she made a good supper. They talked for a while after it of her father and cousins, prisoners of the English: their fate touched her but little; Antony filled all her mind. Soon, seeing how weary her forebodings had made her, he sent her to bed: and as she bade him good-night, she clung to him as though she would never let him go.

They were about betimes, looking to the defences and instructing the defenders. They armed seven Kaffirs with old weapons, Enfields, Sniders, and the like. There was little likelihood of their hitting anything; but they made a show of strength, and their guns would make a noise. They relied on his Martini and her Marlin. After daybreak Elizabeth kept an eye towards Weltevreden; but no succouring hoofs stirred the dust. An hour after dawn they saw a dust-cloud on the Rusthof side. For a while it drew near very slowly; then of a sudden it quickened; and at a mile away a band of horsemen burst from it, and rode hell for leather for the house. In three minutes the Schommels and their Kaffirs galloped whooping into the garden, and pulled up before the door.

Their whooping ceased suddenly at the aspect of the house. They had looked to surprise it; for Fritz had far too accurate a knowledge of the temper of his family to tell them of his warn-

ing indiscretion. But Vrengderijk with its closed door and heavily shuttered windows showed no fluttered air. They drew together muttering their wonder.

Antony and Elizabeth were looking down on the frowsy, unkempt, pig-eyed crew from an upper window, and he was asking eagerly which was Hans. "The man on the right of the old man," said Elizabeth, and threw back the shutter.

At the sight of her the Schommels cried out with one voice; and Hans, their humorist, sent them into hoarse bellows of laughter by roaring, "Ach! My beautiful bride!"

Elizabeth waited till the din died down; then she said, "What do you want?"

"We've come for that very-damned Rooinek of yours," said old Schommel, a blear-eyed old rogue with the brutal face of a buffalo bull.

"Well, you won't have him," said Elizabeth quietly.

A sudden sense of unlooked-for difficulties suffused the wits of the old man; he swore savagely; and yelled, "Open the door, you jade! Open at once, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"Open the door, or you'll taste my sjambok before we're married as well as after!" roared Hans.

Elizabeth's clear laugh cut like a whip-lash. One cried to burst in the door, another to shoot the jade, another to shoot the Rooinek; then all suggestions were drowned in a storm of cursing. In the midst of the uproar the ingenious Frits slipped off his horse, and screened by his excited family, fired at Antony. The bullet ripped a piece out of his tunic; on the instant he fired back, and smashed Hans's right arm just below the shoulder, as Elizabeth slammed to the shutter. The Schommel Kaffirs, headed by old Schommel, bolted for the trees; his slower offspring were staring

at Hans writhing and shrieking on the ground, when four horsemen came quietly but swiftly round the corner of the house, and a stern voice roared, "Drop those rifles!"

The slow Schommels swung round to find Gerrit de Ruijter and his three nephews from Weltevreden looking at them down their rifle-barrels: they had acted on inaccurate information. Their mouths opened slowly; then with one grunt they let their rifles fall. There came a curse from old Schommel among the trees; and in a breath he was clattering over the veld, his Kaffirs after him.

Elizabeth and Antony ran down and unbarred the door; the Kaffirs ran out and pulled the young Schommels off their horses; and she had her arms round her father's neck, and was kissing him. While the Kaffirs bound the Schommels, they went into the house all talking together. Gerrit listened to Elizabeth's story with a very angry face; his nephews with the impetuous generosity of youth were for hanging the Schommels then and there; but presently they agreed that they had better breakfast first, and occupy their cooler hour of digestion dealing with them. It was a pleasant meal: the returned warriors had their fights to tell of. They had left Delarey's force after his failure to relieve Cronje; they seemed far more incensed against the Transvaalers and the Hollanders than against the English; and declared that they had come back to abide peacefully on their farms, weary of playing the catspaw to leaders who had everything to get out of the fire. They heard with simple wonder Elizabeth's story of Antony and his loss of memory; her father treated her foundling with a kindly courtesy; only Dirk de Ruijter, who had always seen himself her natural husband, grew a little sullen when he saw how her eyes rested on the stranger.

Humanized by the abundant breakfast, they were more inclined to leniency with the Schommels. They were tied up one by one, and a stout Kaffir gave them fifty lashes apiece with a sjambok. Frits in consideration of his attempt to murder, enjoyed an equal punishment with his brothers. Then escorting the wounded Hans, mounted on Frits's old mare, they started on foot for Rusthof, a sore, dejected band, bearing word to their father that Gerrit de Ruijter would hunt him down as soon as he had the leisure. Their rifles and the other horses were confiscated.

In the afternoon his nephews rode away home, and Gerrit and Elizabeth rode round the farm, for he was eager to learn how it had fared during his absence. As they came back, she told him of her love for Antony. He heard her gravely, and said that there was no reason for haste, that he must consider the matter; but she had made it clear to him that her love and her happiness were one. Her confession distressed him, for he had looked to have her to himself for some years yet. Again the notion of her marrying an Englishman was strange and discomfiting to him, since he had always looked upon her as sure to marry her cousin Dirk. Seeing her with this foreign lover, it is not to be wondered at if he felt some of the feelings of Lam-bro. For days, however, he said nothing, but watched Antony and the girl carefully; and little by little his repugnance to their marrying began to wear away. He was growing to like Antony: his simplicity was after his own heart, and his cheerfulness, his boyish jokes were as pleasant as they were unfamiliar to him. He found that he would make in time a very shrewd farmer. He was beginning to feel that if he had a son, he would have liked him such a one as Antony. He grew sure that he might trust him with Elizabeth's happiness; and presently

he began to see that by securing her happiness, he would be securing his own. He had taken it as a matter of course that she would one day marry his nephew Dirk; it had seemed the best that could be done for her, but he had sore doubts of the result. Dirk was a good enough fellow, but pig-headed, and gifted with a great sense of his own importance, qualities which would accord ill with Elizabeth's spirit. Antony showed no weakness of will, but he showed a far better temper. Again if she married Antony, he would not lose her: they would naturally live at Vrengderijk. At last he made up his mind that they should marry.

At first Elizabeth had watched him anxiously; but little by little she had grown at her ease, and again she gave her heart full play. After a while it was curious how little of a restraint that grave and silent man became upon their love-making. On the verandah in the evening they babbled their childish lovers' talk as though he had been a hundred miles away, and not smoking thoughtfully within a few feet of them. Only Antony was very quiet taking her on to his knee, and their kisses made no sound. After all the noiseless kisses last longer. Gerrit de Ruijter liked it: coming of a silent, self-contained race, he had never been able to make love to his wife, and their love-making was something of a revelation to him; he heard the dumb feelings of the swelling heart of his youth find a proper, spontaneous expression on the easier tongues of these children. As he rode about the farm, he found himself repeating their phrases with a slow smile of supreme delight in them.

Then one day he said to Elizabeth, "When are you and Antony going to get married?"

"O-h-h. I—I—don't know," she stammered with a great flush. In answer

to the same question Antony said promptly, "To-morrow."

In his slow, methodical way Gerrit set about arranging matters so that the marriage must be good, for he knew something of the difference of the marriage laws in different countries. Antony became a burgher of the Free State with very little delay: in such a matter Gerrit de Ruijter was a name to conjure with. In the distress of the country it seemed no time for a festival, and the marriage was very quiet. A Dutch pastor from Vryburg celebrated it in the parlor; and the three de Ruijters of Weltevreden were the guests and witnesses.

For two months Elizabeth and Antony enjoyed an even fuller happiness; then one evening as they were on their way home from an outlying pasture, and Antony was riding carelessly with his eyes on Elizabeth, his horse put its foot in a hole, came down, and threw him sprawling over its head. It was nothing of a fall, but the jar lifted the bone which pressed on his brain and blotted out his memory. He drew himself into a sitting posture, and stared round the familiar veld another man, a crowd of memories thronging his mind. He knew himself Sir Antony Arbuthnot of Righton Grange, that he had a wife Muriel, and a child Antony in England. The panorama of the lost years unrolled swiftly before the eye of his mind; he saw his schooldays, the days at Oxford, the days at Righton, his courtship of Muriel, their marriage, the birth of their boy, his journey to South Africa to look after his mining interests, the besieging of Kimberley, his enlistment in the Town Guard, the brush with the Boers when he was scouting, the first few rifle-shots. Then came a blank; and then he saw himself in bed at Vrengderijk; with Elizabeth at his bedside; the events of the last five months followed clear-

ly: in a few seconds he had seen all his life. He turned a scared face up to the anxious Elizabeth who was asking where he was hurt. At the sight of it she caught her breath, and clutching at her bosom cried, "You remember! Who—who—is Muriel?"

"I remember," he said, and rising heavily to his feet, stared across the veld.

"Tell me—tell me!" she gasped huskily.

"I must think," he said slowly. He caught his horse and mounted; and they rode home at a walk in silence: now and again he looked at her terror-stricken face and pitiful eyes.

Gerrit wondered at their silence during supper and on the verandah. With Elizabeth's hand in his, Antony sat trying to think the matter out. Unwillingly he had done her the worst possible wrong: how could he right it? Duty called him to Muriel; duty chained him to Elizabeth. Inclination bade him keep his secret and enjoy his happiness. Muriel was a far-away misty figure; the memories of his old love, of his other married life were very dim; he was fond of her indeed (he assured himself that he was), but he loved her no longer, and he loved Elizabeth with all his heart. By this time Muriel's grief at the news of his death, or of his being missing would have softened from its first violence; she had her boy, and Righton Grange; in a year or two she would marry again and forget him. Why should he spoil Elizabeth's life, as spoil it his leaving her must? Let him hold his tongue, and take the goods the Gods had given him.

It was no use: honor, imperative honor, bade him take the harder path. At last he made up his mind that with Elizabeth at any rate he would be honest; he had an infinite confidence in her; she should help him decide. When

they were in their bedroom he told her. She listened to him in a dumb misery, a shivering jealousy till he had ended; then she cried, "Oh, how she must have missed you! How she must have grieved!" Antony had thought little of that; and his heart smote him.

She buried her face in her hands, and thought awhile; then she said drearily, "You must go back to her." Then she cried, "Ah, no! It is too late—too late!" And Antony knew that he was bound to her by a two-fold chain.

"Is it so?" he said with a groan, and started to pace the room.

Elizabeth lay face downwards, on the bed sobbing. Presently she said, "I couldn't give you up now—if I would. And yet—and yet—you must go back to her—you are bound to—in honor. And—and—I can't bear it."

"I will not give you up," said Antony savagely. "Look here, my child, we must be practical. After all there's more than one world. Muriel is as much in another as if she lived in the moon. There are a summer and a winter in every year: I shall spend the summers in England, the winters in the Orange Free State."

Elizabeth sat up gasping: "You expect me to be content with half of you!" she cried.

"I would give you the whole with all my heart! But how can I? And I have only half of you—half the year with you, that is. I shall hate the double life, the deceit, the concealment, the worrying possibility of the truth coming out. But we cannot help ourselves."

"I will never endure it—never—never!" said Elizabeth feebly; and she began to sob afresh.

Antony soothed her very tenderly. His suggestion rasped all her womanly feeling; but the compromise appealed

to her human tendency to take half a loaf rather than no bread. If she had had only herself to consider, she might with time have found the strength to give him up, hard as it would have gone with her; she could not make her unborn babe fatherless. They had been innocent puppets in the hand of jesting Fate; the jest was cruel; but as she pulled the strings they must dance to the end of it.

She did not, however, agree at once; and for three days they threshed and threshed the matter out. In the end his idea seemed a bad way, but the only way out of the bad business. They explained to her father that Antony's memory had come back, and he must go to his estates in England for a while; of Muriel they said nothing; but they brightened his heart with talk of the importation of shorthorns. A week later Antony rode away from Vrengderijk.

Truly, the High Gods were punishing them for their great happiness: he left Elizabeth sick at the loss of him, sick with jealousy that he went to another woman, sick with the fear of how that other woman might change him. He would come back; she trusted him wholly; but how reluctant, her Antony no longer, he might return! He rode away slowly, with a leaden heart; Elizabeth held his heartstrings, and every mile tightened them with a crueller pain. Times and again he turned his horse to come back to her; then set his teeth with a groan, and pushed doggedly south, cursing the honor which dragged him. Six days later, a very weary man with lack-

lustre eyes, he entered Kimberley. He rode up to the hotel; and a big man on the verandah gave a great shout, crying, "Arbuthnot! By all that's holy! Arbuthnot!" He came running down the steps, and wrung his hand. Antony recognized, as a figure in a dream, his old friend Bromley-Carter.

"We thought you were dead!" he cried. "We all thought you were dead! Where have you been?" Then his face became solemn, and he said in a gentler voice, "I was awfully sorry to hear the bad news of your wife—so awfully sudden."

"Bad news of my wife?" said Antony with a gasp, thinking for the moment that he spoke of Elizabeth. Then it flashed upon him that he spoke of Muriel. "What bad news? I've heard nothing for months."

"She's—she's—oh, she's—" Bromley-Carter stammered, and words failed him.

"Not dead?" cried Antony.

"Yes—four months ago—typhoid."

For a breath the world swam round Antony; and he swayed in his saddle. Then one thought, one desire gripped him like a fury, to sweep the anguish out of Elizabeth's eyes at once, on the instant. He swung round his horse; jammed in his spurs; and tore at a mad gallop down the street. His Kaffirs opened their mouths, stared after him, and then followed.

Bromley-Carter gazed after them till they were lost in the cloud of their own dust; then shaking his head sadly he said, "Poor chap—poor chap—gone to be alone with his grief on the veld."

Edgar Jepson.

THE CHILDREN'S CARDINAL.

Thoughtful and observant women often have occasion to remark that when a man really loves children, his love for them is so great as even to eclipse our own: his whole strength of intellect and heart—all his manly tenderness and chivalry towards the innocent and helpless—seem gathered into one great abiding love which enwraps and protects its fortunate object. Such a lover of children was the late Herbert Cardinal Vaughan; and the present writer aims at setting forth, even though inadequately, this beautiful side of his character—a side which is not fully known, even by his intimate friends.

Upon Cardinal Vaughan's elevation to the See of Westminster in 1892, one of his first thoughts was for the children of his new diocese—for the city waifs living in surroundings of dirt, poverty, and crime, almost at his very door. The heart of the pastor, as well as the heart of the man, yearned over the weaklings of his flock; and he formed a private commission composed of influential men and women, whose duty it was to verify various statistical returns and trace out the children who had drifted, on the tide of slum-life, away from church and school. The work was long and difficult, the results were terribly depressing, as must be any searching investigation into the conditions of child-life in the purlieus of a great city. The report brought by the commission to his Eminence, was that many of his children were half-clothed, half-fed, sick, herded together with vicious and drunken parents in surroundings destructive to health of soul and body—while others could not be traced at all, their fate being merely a matter of sorrowful conjecture.

Though the task appeared practically hopeless, the Cardinal addressed himself to it undauntedly; and, in the early spring of 1890, he addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity, inaugurating the great Crusade of Rescue. In every parish was to be formed a representative local committee of lay workers who were to visit, regularly, their own slum districts for the sole purpose of watching over the children. Any case of extreme poverty, or of danger to faith and morals, was to be duly investigated, reported, and then forwarded to the Central Executive Committee at Archbishop's House, whose duty it was to vote for or against the reception of the child into one of the diocesan homes. Monthly collections for the support of these homes were also organized in the parishes, and thus a huge net was spread over the diocese which, the Cardinal hoped, would save all his children from poverty, cruelty, and crime.

Stringent regulations were laid down by his Eminence for the guidance of the Crusade. There was, above all other conditions, to be no proselytism. So a rule was made forbidding the committee to take any child who had not received Catholic baptism and education, and who had not had one Catholic parent. Further, they were instructed not to accept cases which could be dealt with by any other means, such as the School Board, Poor Law, Industrial Schools Acts, etc. The Crusade was solely for the Cardinal's most wretched and helpless children, the scum of the city whom no one else wanted and no one else could help.

The problem of child-rescue is always a difficult and anxious one; some persons condemn help for children on

the ground that it still further relieves careless parents from their responsibilities. It is a question with two sides, the child's and the parent's. Like that of some other great philanthropists, the Cardinal's choice was sublimely simple; with his princely position and almost unlimited power, he chose the child's side because it was the side of the helpless.

At the inauguration of the Crusade an amicable arrangement was entered into with Dr. Barnardo, who agreed to pass on to Archbishop's House all Catholic applications (which agreement has been strictly adhered to ever since), and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has also done grand service to the Crusade in such cases of suspected ill-treatment as were beyond the power of private investigators.

But the Cardinal's favorite project has yet to be described: his love for the children was not merely for the wretched and suffering, it extended also to the safe and happy, and realized, with the deepest comprehension, the power of the so-called weak. The soul of the Crusade was to be a band of child Crusaders: children were to be the saviours of children. With a view to testing this dearest wish of his heart, his Eminence issued an invitation to all the school children of his diocese, asking them to help him in supporting the little waifs by saving up their pocket-money during that Lent (1899) and requesting them to visit his house on the Second Sunday after Easter for the purpose of presenting him with their alms.

Needless to say, this invitation caused a great stir among the children. It was not usual for a Prince of the Church to hold receptions for youngsters, especially those of the working-classes, and they fully appreciated the privilege. And, even above this anticipated pleasure was the other

novel idea—the idea that they could actually help other little children who were cold and hungry or in danger of being lost to their own beloved faith.

So the children set to work with collecting cards and money-boxes, and when the great day came, in each school representatives were chosen and sent to the dear, dingy old house, with the proverbially dirty windows, at the bottom of Carlisle Place. The bright-faced young emissaries trooped in from north, south, east and west, the girls gay with colored hair-ribbons, the boys in all the agony of clean collars and faces. Dainty little ladies from the convent schools mixed happily with the wide-awake East-Enders; tall boys and girls just about to pass out of school-life altogether, made way for the tiny toddling infant delegates. A steady stream flowed up the broad staircase to the old room at the top of the house, familiarly known as "the quarter deck," and all were on the tip-toe of expectation as the clock struck four and his Eminence sallied in, literally shining with the happiness of being so near them at last. Directly he began to address them, it was apparent to the most casual observer that he had "a way with him" which took the child-heart captive at once. His gorgeous apparel and great attractions of person fascinated the beauty-loving eye of youth and riveted its attention. But far beyond mere externals was the magnetic influence of love. The children *felt* that he loved them—felt it as the sensitive plant feels the sun, responded to it like quicksilver to atmosphere.

By the end of his Eminence's impassioned yet simple speech his children loved him almost as much as he loved them, and their hearts were profoundly stirred by his call to them for help for his lost lambs. One very significant remark made by him that

first "Good Shepherd Sunday" was that, by the following spring, he hoped to have the cathedral in a sufficiently finished condition to hold the whole thirty thousand of his school children instead of merely the representative five hundred then assembled in the limited accommodation of the quarter deck. Those five hundred were, of course, the cream of the cream, the pride and joy of parents and teachers, but the Cardinal wanted them *all*, the naughty as well as the good.

After the address came the supreme ceremony of purse-presenting. Every child went up, knelt at his Eminence's feet, placed his or her purse in his hand, and received, in return, a heart-felt blessing. It was an absorbingly interesting scene; the children exhibited no shyness or awkwardness but were absolutely happy and at home, and the infants caused much merriment by the truly British manner in which they clung to their purses. It had clearly been impressed upon them, by anxious teachers, that on no account were they to let go of their little bags, and so firmly was this idea rooted in their minds, that they declined to give them up even to the Cardinal. They thought he was a goodly sight for baby eyes in his gold, scarlet, and white linen; they enjoyed giving to the beautiful cameo ring such damp, smacking kisses as could be heard all over the room; but, even for the sake of this fascinating person, they were not going to part with their money. So the Cardinal had to gently force open tiny fists for their hot crumpled contents, explaining kindly that they were *really* meant for him. Some of us feared an outburst of tears, but every baby took his loss philosophically and toddled away in puzzled resignation.

One little girl, who had lost her big brother in the crowd, fought her way back through the crush alone, and,

scornfully ignoring the group of incompetent ladies and Monsignori standing round, hurled herself bodily at the Cardinal as the one person capable of finding the missing youth. Another little mite presented his Eminence with a nosegay that had evidently been manufactured on her own lines without any grown-up assistance. It consisted of a bunch of drooping white lilac, embellished with three or four yellow dandelions, all of which were carefully fastened up in a holder of crumpled newspaper. Ministering hands at once offered to relieve the Cardinal of this encumbrance, but nothing would induce him to part with it. All the afternoon he clung to it, and was finally seen sweeping away to his own private apartments, still holding the childish offering in his left hand.

When the children had all departed, the great box containing the money bags was locked up for the night in the safe, and the counters arrived at Archbishop's House at an early hour next morning. Piles of soup plates were brought up by the footmen for the reception of the assorted cash (which entirely covered a large table) and the Cardinal floated in and out all the morning, eager to know the total collected. Many of the purses were of scarlet satin and velvet, embroidered with gold; others were exquisitely painted, and some bore the Cardinal's coat of arms in silks. By lunch time the result was announced: between £300 and £400 collected, largely in pence and even in farthings—one of the poorest East End missions having sent five pounds.

This grand result of a few weeks' work by children for children confirmed the Cardinal's fondest hopes. His little ones had proved themselves sufficiently self-sacrificing and loving to be an invaluable aid to him in saving the lost. So the following Lent he issued

a letter (a copy of which was sent to every child in the diocese) inaugurating the Catholic Children's Crusade, which put the crowning touch to the whole Crusade of Rescue. This C.C.C. was a confraternity for children only: no adults were to be admitted, and the three conditions of membership were, enrollment of names in *S. Peter's Net* (the organ of the Crusade), prayer for the safety of the little perishing waifs, and an annual alms-giving, no matter how small, towards their support. The children were, of course, fired with the idea of becoming "Crusaders," and joined the C.C.C. in hundreds, which swelled in due time to thousands.

"Good Shepherd Sunday" (so called because the gospel of the Mass for the Second Sunday after Easter is the story of the Good Shepherd) became the greatest feast in the year to the children and their Cardinal. They counted the months and weeks to this happy day, and the second year the collection was over £500. Meantime a Children's Corner, with monthly competitions for Elementary School and Convent divisions, and a correspondence column, had been opened in *S. Peter's Net*, and the present writer was appointed by his Eminence as sub-editor with management of the whole children's department.

Thus was formed a regular means of inter-communication between the Crusaders and headquarters, and the youthful correspondents availed themselves of this to a full extent. Their letters were filled with messages to "the dear Cardinal," as they always called him; numberless invitations to prize days and school festivals were sent to him; he was asked, in the most confiding manner to "pray for my intention"—whatever that might be! Love and kisses, in the form of little crosses, were showered on him and, where such letters happened to be the

prize ones, the compositors had strict orders to reproduce these kisses in the magazine by means of little xs. They were instructed, too, never to correct the highly original spelling and punctuation, but to set up the letters just as the children had written them. On one occasion a little girl writing from a South African Nazareth House, remarked artlessly to his Eminence: "We should so like to see you. The nuns have shown us your photo. It is *very* beautiful."

The Cardinal, of course, loved this children's corner and sent messages back to them from time to time. In the magazine were also reports of cases dealt with weekly by the central committee, and these were followed with deep interest by the Crusaders, who firmly believed that their prayers helped the local visitor to find each little waif, and that their pennies purchased food, clothing and shelter for it in the homes.

Some details could not, of course, pass beyond the committee-room where the pitiful story was heard; innocent and helpless children suffered treatment which was unfit even for publication. But the less heart-rending instances were a source of never-ending interest to the Crusaders. Their sympathy was unbounded for one of our little waifs who saw a bed for the first time in her life on her first night in the Home; one little boy had been found deserted in a stable in December, and, to the relief of the Crusaders, was rescued in good time for his Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding; another poor little fellow was found in the workhouse infirmary, insane through vermin, thanks to the neglect of his drunken mother; and one poor baby in arms was sold for a drink by its mother to a strange woman in a public-house. At first this wretched infant could not be traced, and the Crusaders were terri-

bly perturbed. But after some weeks, during which it had been used for begging purposes by its foster-mother, it was found and handed to us by the police, to the intense relief of the children.

Child psychology is a marvellous study. Our city slums contain many a child-mystic. And in no order of creation are to be found such devoted lovers of their own kind as children. Their compassion for their weaker brethren has no limits, and manifests itself in ways involving personal self-sacrifice—surest of all tests. Some of the Crusaders will get up in the dark on cold winter mornings to hear an early mass before school for the little waifs; others (East Enders these) to quote their own quaint words, observe a "perpetual fast from fruit and sweets" and save the pennies for food for the poor children. On one Good Shepherd Sunday we received a donation enclosed with three little bills made out at so many "pricks (on the collecting cards) at 1d. a prick" and "forty days without sugar at 1d. a day from dada for going without."

This was the key-note of the Cardinal's teaching, (not only taught, but practised by himself), personal self-sacrifice for the love of the weaker neighbor. His annual letters to the children were full of this spirit and, by illustrations from the lives of child-martyrs, he endeavored to teach his children how to endure for a great cause. In each letter and every address he implored, exhorted and commanded them never to cease to work and pray for all in want and sin. His chief dread was lest they should cease to care, lest brotherly love should grow weaker with increasing years. He called constantly on parents, teachers and pastors to aid him in making the children consistent and practical Christians; constantly in his pastorals to the adults of his flock, he mentioned

the Child Crusaders, of whom also he preached to his clergy at the Synods.

By the third Good Shepherd Sunday, his Eminence could wait no longer for the great meeting in the cathedral whose progress out of chaos seemed so slow. He had set his whole heart on the children being the first public body to enter the Westminster Cathedral, so, in April 1901, he determined to receive them there, despite all obstacles, lest, before the following spring, some other meeting might have been held in the great building. This mandate caused consternation among all concerned. The place was still as cold and damp as a grave, while no floor of any kind was yet laid down, nor were any windows in. Even then, the Cardinal's chest was showing signs of delicacy, and a prolonged visit to such a death-trap might have been productive of most serious results. This was pointed out to him, but, of course, with no result. Then we laid before him the danger to the children, which at once produced the desired effect. He agreed to hold the meeting in the old house as usual, but, nevertheless, got his own way too, in the end, and in a harmless manner, by taking the children *en masse* over to the cathedral after the presentation of purses. Being gloriously human, in spite of their passionate philanthropic zeal, they had a thoroughly happy time—upsetting hods of mortar, overturning piles of bricks, and mixing sand with the putty, to their hearts' content. Next day his Eminence was informed of this mischief, which information he received with a mock-serious suggestion that we should pay for it out of the collection. We, of course, declined, and said, jokingly, that we would instruct the contractors to send the bill in to his Eminence, who promptly responded—"I don't care what the damage is or what I have to pay, now that the chil-

dren have been the first public body to enter the cathedral."

The following year (1902) found the old house deserted. The migration to the new Archbishop's House had taken place, and the meeting was held in the adjoining hall. This, though happily no one knew it, was the last interview between the children and the Cardinal. And even on this occasion, a medical man had been in attendance with a strong restorative just before his Eminence appeared on the platform. When he did appear he was unusually bright, and told the delighted children a quaint anecdote of how he had been stopped in a Mill-Hill lane by two little highwaymen who, unaware of his identity, demanded from him "a penny for the Cardinal's poor children."

The following autumn came the sad news of his entire breakdown, and on Good Shepherd Sunday of the present year, when the whole meeting was for the first time held in the cathedral, the children arrived only to find a stranger in their Cardinal's place. He had sent them a letter which was read aloud to them by Bishop Stanley, and in which was expressed a noble resignation to the disappointments inevitable in increasing ill-health and old age. It concluded with an earnest exhortation to the Crusaders to continue their work with their usual zeal, and this was the last letter he ever addressed to them. By the thoughtful consideration of Father Emanuel Baus (administrator of the Rescue Crusade) this letter, reproduced in the Cardinal's own hand, exactly as he had written it, has been sent to the schools, so that the children may preserve this last relic of their great-hearted friend.

On the morning of June 20, the "Death of Cardinal Vaughan" was placarded in London, and the cruel black letters caused a thrill of horror

in the children's hearts. In the East End especially, little knots collected, asking each other if the news could possibly be true. They soon learnt that it was only too true, and next day in church listened with tears to the senior canon's touching little letter describing the peaceful end of their beloved Cardinal. Immediately after this letter was read the gospel for the day which, appropriately enough, happened to be the story of the shepherd who went out into the wilderness after the lost sheep. In his sermon that morning the Bishop of Stepney paid a most graceful tribute to the memory of the Cardinal who, as his Lordship said, had so cared for the little rough waifs of the slums.

The lying in state took place on the following three days, when the children went to the bare, unfinished cathedral to see the bare, unadorned coffin and to say goodbye to the friend who will never see them or write to them, or speak to them any more.

The waifs in our Homes now number between 700 and 800—all desperate cases which, in spite of the urgent need of funds, the committee has been unable to refuse. Many of these children have now been enrolled as Crusaders, and have themselves become the rescuers of others. The C.C.C. also has members in all parts of England, in Ireland and Scotland, Holland, France, and South Africa.

The results of the work and its effect upon rescuers and rescued are incalculable, and must continue to increase, for the children will never forget their Cardinal or the sacred trust he has left behind him in their hands. In after life as parents, teachers, nuns or priests, they will pass on his work to the next generation of children, and so through years to come, though the work must henceforward always miss its founder's powerful inspiration,

future Good Shepherd Sundays will be days full of sorrowful memories.

This, then, is the noble work connected with the
Temple Bar.

ceived by the loving heart of one brave man, who is, in very truth, known as the Children's Cardinal.

Oliver Katharine Parr.

TATA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

PART II.

III. THE VAGARIES OF PATERNAL LOVE

To Pierre Bonnaud's demands for money his father always responded with simple promptitude; the demands grew continually more pressing, and had now been doing so for about four years.

Pierre, whose father had repeatedly begged him to come back to Toulon, were it only for a week, for three days even, just long enough to give his parents a sight of him, paid no attention to the request. Each time he found a fresh excuse. It was not worth while, he averred, to interrupt his studies for so long a journey, so brief, and he actually had the impertinence to add, *so useless* a visit.

Finally the father began to lose patience. He alone knew how considerable were the sums which he had already sent the thankless youth, and at what a sacrifice the money had been raised. Now he had been called upon to pay an exorbitant price for the lessons of different masters, and anon to buy a piano. Under pretext of economy Pierre had left his inn and taken rooms whose furnishings had cost dear. Then again, the exigencies of ambition had constrained him to give a big dinner to a crowd of opera and concert singers, poets, journalists, and theatrical managers.

In the mildest of terms Bonnaud

*Translated for The Living Age.

one day wrote to his son that his purse was not inexhaustible, that he really had no more money to spare. He could not, he said, encroach upon his daughter's dowry, which ought properly to amount to the half of his personal property. Pierre replied by vague apologies, hollow gratitude and fresh appeals for money. Discontent, though unspoken as yet, took possession of Gustave Bonnaud. Once he actually went so far as to say that he was glad his father, the blacksmith, had brought him up so strictly. This reflection indicated a great change in the spirit of the so-called "rich Bonnaud," who, as a matter of fact, had never been anything more than well-to-do. He fell into the habit of letting his eyes rest upon Adèle in visible tenderness, a new thing for him, and one which his wife immediately noticed.

"Is anything the matter, Bonnaud?" the brave woman would inquire, in timid and anxious tones, and her husband answered roughly in the negative.

His temper was becoming uncertain. He began to grumble; to complain that things were going badly. Adèle was quick to notice this new mood, and said to herself that her father's character was changing.

For herself, she became gentler than ever, and glided more quietly about the house. When she read the paper aloud to her father she used to sit down

close beside him, often in a low chair at his very knee. And quite unconsciously, or so it seemed, the father's hand would every now and again be laid affectionately upon the girl's head or passed along her beautiful hair. The caress was, perhaps, meant for Pierre. Certainly it was one which, in old days, the father frequently bestowed on his son but never on his little daughter. Gradually, however, it came to be wholly hers. The girl realized it, and her father too.

"Adèle is going to be our comfort," he said one day when she and her mother were both by, but softly, as though he were talking to himself. The sweet girl said nothing but hid her tearful face in both her hands, and her father pretended not to notice. The mother, too, made as though she had seen nothing; but left them, and went away to weep by herself.

All three had a common thought which they did not wish to put into words. Talking always makes things worse. But, from that day, Bounaud worshipped his daughter as never before, and she, on her part, felt a great increase of affection for him. Waves of mute emotion passed over her which as yet she dared not display. Only from time to time she would fling herself upon her mother and clasp her whole person in her arms, then lay her head upon the breast she had known and loved so long, and the two women, locking themselves up together in one of the remoter chambers would weep there together, without exchanging a word. And so the thankless son, though absent, filled the house he had left with a great but silent despair. The despair condemned him; the silence was an attempt to excuse.

It was long since they had ceased reading Pierre's letters aloud in the parlor. The habit had been gradually abandoned as the communications of the young genius became less fre-

quent, and, at the same time, duller, shorter, more insolent. The "evenings," however, had not been entirely given up, because Bounaud had an idea in his head. He did not want young Marius Pelloquin to become accustomed to the idea of not seeing Adèle. He would have liked him for a son-in-law, but Marius did not come forward, and the elder Pelloquin seemed to suspect nothing.

Finally, Pierre wrote:—

I can find no employment, my dear parents, which will leave me the leisure requisite for my studies. They take time and a great deal of time. A place worth eighteen hundred francs a year—and even this it would not be easy for me to find—would be intolerably painful. It would consume all my time and thus lead to the ruin of all our hopes. It would be far better for me to come back to Toulon and become a clerk in a lawyer's office or in the courts, or for that matter, an errand-boy. But on the other hand, to come back to my native city and admit my failure would be impossible for me. It would be too cruel after having made my exit under a triumphal arch, to be forced to pass, on my return, under the yoke of defeat.

In Paris itself, now that I am known in a certain set and by so many celebrated people, I could not accept such a position without too much discredit and suffering. So then it behooves me to reach the top by a single bound or perish in the attempt.

I have composed and written a grand opera in five acts, which has aroused the enthusiasm of all my friends. Imagine then my astonishment and indignation when the other day, happening to meet Béranger, the famous writer of songs, at a friend's house, I asked him—relying on his well-known good-nature—to get me an appointment somewhere as professor. Whereupon the following conversation ensued. First he asked, "Haven't you any money?"

"I had a little, but I've none left, or rather not enough."

"Well, really. I don't quite know what to say. Certainly the overture

of your opera, which I have just heard, shows talent, but—but—but—. In short, my young man," said he abruptly, "if you want to earn four or five hundred francs, come to my house and help me copy out some new songs for my publisher."

You may not fully appreciate the impertinence of his offer. Are there not people to be found who make a regular business of the pitiable task of copying the manuscripts of successful authors? For what does he take me? These authors are all alike and their self-sufficiency is simply incredible. Is it *le Dieu des bonnes gens* who authorizes a writer of songs to propose abruptly to a perfect stranger, to become his literary hack?

I merely said to M. Béranger, that he was very kind; but that I needed, not five hundred francs but fifty thousand, and that my opera promised me abundant returns. And really, my dear parents, a successful opera means a hundred or two hundred thousand francs. It might be five hundred thousand, dear mamma, almost upon the spot.

The poet of "bliss in an attic" gave me a pitying glance. I half think that he shrugged his shoulders. "My child," said he in honeyed accents, "look in on me whenever you feel like it." Whereupon I bowed, being fully determined never to set foot within the house of that old humbug.

I would far rather receive from you the sum of five hundred francs, however difficult it might be for you to raise it. But I know that my kind sister will gladly forward it to me out of her *dot*. It is only a loan that I am asking of her. Your devoted son—more determined than ever to become Beethoven or Rossini.

Your little composer who is going to be great some day.

Pierre Bonnaud.

It was Adèle who read this letter aloud to her parents. Bonnaud listened in silence with an air of cold attention and sitting with his head in his hands. But when the reading ended he rose and burst out fiercely, "The scoundrel!"

It was the first time that a word of

blame of the "great man" had ever left his father's mouth. "Oh, the scamp! the thief! He will be the ruin of us yet, and bring us to a miserable end! His sister's dowry! The cur!"

Bonnaud was fairly choking. He tore off his cravat and the button of his limp shirt along with it, sat down, got up again and began pacing the length of the dining-room. The two terrified women ran to pour him a glass of water. Bonnaud waved them away.

"Won't you have some lime-water, Bonnaud?"

"Let me alone!"

There was indeed something frightful in this first explosion of the father's wrath against his son, whom neither he nor anyone else in that house had ever openly blamed before.

Bonnaud was almost sixty. He was a full-blooded man, a man of unusual physical strength, alive to his fingertips. Southerners of this type are not only loud and voluble; they are also dangerous at times. They have fits of anger perilous for others as well as themselves, but which happily are but short-lived. It was not without reason that Mme. Bonnaud trembled. The son of the old smith drew a deep breath, panted, wiped his forehead and went on to relieve his old heart by a torrent of fierce invective. "Oh, the robber! His sister's dowry! The spendthrift will ruin me! You don't know, you two, the sums I've been giving him. As for what he is doing down there, do you suppose we know anything about it? I've never seen any of his music! And I don't know anything about music, anyway! I used to play the flute, but what of that? Everybody plays the flute. Can't a man play the flute or the violin without ruining himself and his family? His sister's dowry! Oh, just let him try to touch his sister's dowry!" In

his exasperation he turned on Adèle who had not, as yet, said a word.

"I forbid you to tell me to encroach on your dowry! I know you, you poor dear! and I know your mother. You are going to say to me, 'Take the dowry. Send him half—a quarter,—just a little of it!' He shan't have a sou, not a centime! Let him starve if he will! It is in your interest that I speak. Hold your tongues! I'm the master in my own house, I hope! I won't have women talking to me, and I won't have him either! Let me just get hold of him! Ah, but I wish he were here, the scoundrel! I'd like to have him just here! I'd soon settle his case! I'm a donkey, an idiot, good for nothing but to be hoodwinked—that's what I am—a father whose son leads him by the nose, a fool, but one who is going to be a fool no longer, I can tell you that! I forbid your contradicting me. You'll make me burst a blood-vessel!"

They did not say a word—the two dear creatures; they hardly breathed. They greatly feared that he spoke the truth, and they followed his movements with humble, frightened eyes.

He stopped, drew a long breath, wiped his forehead, sat down, got up again, and pursued his monologue:—"Oh, it was stifling me, but now I've had it out and I feel better! I'm beginning to see through him, rascal that he is; to know him for a conceited jack-a-napes! He's an egotist and an ingrate! Ingrate, I say—*ingrate!* He is monstrous vain and has never loved us, *not any of us!* We are his milch cows—that's all—his money bags. But all things come to an end, by Heaven! My business is going badly and that's the honest truth. I didn't want to tell you; perhaps I did not quite dare. The fact is I left off consulting your mother when I began to waste your fortune on him. I was afraid she would object, she has such sound sense, such a

genius for household economy. But no! She would have consented to anything for that wretched boy, because she's so fond, so idiotically fond of him! She's worse than I; but he has bewitched us all. We shall all come to grief through him. Listen to this, both of you! Listen, Adèle. Rather than touch your dowry, I refused only yesterday to undertake an important and lucrative contract;—because I should have had to advance money which is no longer properly at my disposal. And it's a long, long while since I've given anything at all to the poor. Do you understand? He's jewing us, sponging on us, squeezing us dry. He's a vampire. And this is the fellow who affects pride!—he, the grandson of a blacksmith, he refuses honorable employment at the hands of M. Béranger. He dares to scoff at the poet of the "Attic," as if he himself had sprung from the thigh of Jupiter! What will you bet that he is ashamed of his grandfather? I believe that is the thing which makes me angriest, which has opened my eyes to his mental and moral depravity. He dares to despise Béranger. Who could believe it? Béranger! the friend of the people, the soul of an angel in a frock-coat! The Napoleon of song and of goodness! Do you know what Béranger must have said to himself? He said, 'I'd like to make that poor fellow a present. How can I do it without hurting his feelings? I know. I'll ask him to help me copy my songs!' There's delicacy for you! The swindler got angry! Lamartine is an old woman, is he? and Victor Hugo's a little man with a big head? and Béranger a humbug? And that is all he has to say for himself,—this charming young man! He a genius? Not much; he's a donkey. *Genius!* and supposing he had genius, what would that prove except that a man may have genius without heart? Much I care about genius!

Give me an honest man. Besides, it's not true. There can be no genius worthy the name without a heart; the other sort is only fit for the gutter, and I'll have nothing to do with it! We've never had any such thing in our family. Oh, what a farce it all is! And a sorry farce too—which will be the ruin of us all, as I have said before."

He kept silence, for a moment, and then resumed the low growl with which he began to speak, becoming louder every instant, like the thunders of an approaching storm:—

"His opera! Shall I tell you about his opera? Well, he never wrote one! It's all a lie! All he's got to show for himself in Paris is debts. I saw somebody the other day who had just come from there, and he told me to have a care, for my son was going to the dogs. Said he was a perfect Desgrieux. I asked him what a Desgrieux was, and he said it was the hero of a novel. I borrowed that novel, and I read it. It's a bad book—but it sounds true. And we are lost, hopelessly lost, all three of us, if we can't protect ourselves against this jesuit, this swindler, this traitor, whom I cu—"

"Father!" cried Adèle, springing forward, and closing his honored lips with her own little hand. Bounaud fell back exhausted in his arm-chair, while his wife stood erect and pale as a statue, so pale, and with so strange a look that her husband exclaimed as his eye fell upon her:

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

He sprang to his feet as he spoke, and beheld an astonishing sight. It was Pierre himself—who had heard nothing of what had passed, and who now stood there in a travelling-coat of much elegance, smiling, upon the threshold. Yes indeed, he smiled—so, of course, he could not have heard!

He had come from Paris unannounced, and the two women trembled with mingled terror and joy.

"Ah ha!" cried Bounaud, his fierce rage evaporating in an instant. "Come to my arms, you bad boy! You dear old sinner!"

He flung them wide as he spoke, and the prodigal son was enfolded in their mighty clasp, and strained to the father's heart.

(To be continued.)

Les Annales.

LUMINOUS SLEEP.

A little pamphlet has lately been published by a native of Ceylon, entitled "Luminous Sleep." (P. Arunachalam, M.A. Colombo: George J. A. Skeen.) The writer treats of sleep entirely from the psychological, and not at all from the physical, point of view. There are, he maintains, three kinds of sleep, the third of which is little known in Europe. First, there is dreaming sleep, "when the curtain falls on this act to rise on another far

more interesting, an inner world full of intense life and emotion." Secondly, he speaks of a strange, unexplored land, the region of deep sleep. "In this sleep we are unconscious of our existence, but on waking we are sure that we have been in a blissful haven of rest, and we say, I have slept well." But he maintains there is yet another sleep, a "sleep of light," in which, while there is absence of thought, while there is rest and bliss, there is

not darkness and oblivion, but perfect consciousness. In the East, he tells us, there are men who know how to "lift the veil of sleep," and who refresh their spirits in this "sleep of light" in a manner otherwise impossible, and appear to obtain from it some conviction of immortality. This occult power is, he asserts, not unknown in the West; but it is not, he laments, widely cultivated. In illustration of his meaning he quotes a passage from the Life of Tennyson, which we give in full:—"I have never had any revelation through anesthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from boyhood when I have been all alone. This had often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest; utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said that the state is utterly beyond words?" "If the science of the spirit," comments the writer of the pamphlet, "were cultivated in Europe as it is in India, and if practical instruction and guidance had been available to Tennyson, what heights might not so ripe a soul have scaled, what blessed vistas might he not have opened up to the West!" He goes on to quote Edward Carpenter, who speaks of the control and effacement of thought as practised in India, and on the special value of these practices to Westerns, "dominated as they are by a fever of thought." There is a certain fascination about this suggestion. Might we

really learn something during sleep if we tried? If sleep were a new phenomenon, if hitherto man had lived his life without intermission of consciousness and if suddenly we discovered in some corner of the globe a race who passed a third of their time in apparently unconscious repose, yet declared that during these periods of unconsciousness they passed through scenes and experienced adventures like, yet unlike, those of waking life, we should, if we could bring ourselves to believe them, imagine ourselves in a fair way to discover the secret of death. The personality of the healthy dreamer is free of the body: in dreams he goes away from the place where it lies. His soul is not any more in his bed than the soul of a dead man is in the churchyard. Yet sleep helps us very little in our search for certainty on the subject of immortal life. We are used to dreaming, and most of us do not think very much about it. If we take our dreams seriously at all, we look in them for some vague foreshadowing of the future, some bringing close of a distant set of circumstances, not certainly for spiritual instruction.

That dreaming opens a world more full of life and emotion than the one we live in, as Mr. Arunachalam seems to think, we do not believe. The matter is one for individual experience; but we cannot help thinking that if among the majority of people it were so, dreams would play a far larger part in life than as a matter of fact they do. "In dreams," he says, "we joy, sorrow, or rage, as keenly as in the experiences of the waking world." Surely not. Such experiences would make a strong impression upon character, and we doubt if character is much affected by dreams. Dream horror and dream joy make little permanent impression on the mind, at least nowadays. Tragedies which would

madden were we awake, and visions of delights that transcend the beauties and marvels of the material world in their gorgeous pageantry, are all forgotten by breakfast. Time—a very short time—sponges them out completely. An earlier generation dreamed, we suspect, more vividly. In Hebrew literature dreams went for a great deal: men were “warned of God in a dream”; the crises of men’s lives turned often upon dreams; and St. Paul, when relating a piece of spiritual experience, tells his readers he is not sure if the events he is telling actually took place or whether he dreamed them,—“whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.” In the Middle Ages such men as Luther were certainly at times confused between real occurrences and visions. In the twentieth century we can hardly imagine that men of spiritual genius like those we have named could hesitate between the two. Luther, indeed, states his dreams as facts; but then he desired to see wonders. So do we all. So, no doubt, did St. Paul. But he desired to see the truth still more. As to where we have been during that dreamless sleep which restores us few of us stop to think. Yet certainly when we wake we seem to come back from a pleasant place, and those who have experienced the joyful shock of a sudden cessation of anxiety in a time of watching know that the sense of delight in the prospect of a long sleep seems too poignant to apply to mere unconsciousness, which in the abstract most of us dread. Many people about to go through an operation say that they dread the thought of the anæsthetic more than the thought of the knife. Yet what they fear is nothing at all but artificially induced sleep.

To return to “luminous sleep.” What Tennyson described appears to us to have more relation to a hypnotic

condition than to what is ordinarily called sleep, but what do those who seek it successfully find in it? Evidently a moment’s joy. To-day a great number of men have lost the support of an unquestioning theological conviction. One result of this is that many men find their greatest difficulty in life in the thought of how they can brace themselves to meet death. That the last enemy should appear even for one moment in the light of a “laughable impossibility” would seem to them a transcendent boon. This boon, however, so far as we understand, must be bought by a deliberate sacrifice of self-control,—a deliberate determination to empty the mind and see what comes into it. Is not this a morally dangerous experiment? Christianity suggests that a man who purposely abandons the guardianship of his own mind opens the door to the Devil. Certainly experience shows that the man who seeks oblivion in alcohol or drugs suffers a moral deterioration. No doubt he is for the time being freed from his anxieties and cares. But, it may be argued, drugs afford only momentary relief; an experience such as Tennyson describes is a treasure lasting a lifetime. Considering the analogy of dreams, we very much doubt it. A sense that we have lost our personality, have entered for one second into some vast consciousness wherein we are united with the Creator, whom we would worship less dimly, and our friends, whom we would love more fervently, must of necessity, so long as we live in this world, be transient. As soon as we come back to ourselves we are shut once more within the invisible walls which divide us from man and from God. The conviction induced by a dream is not like the conviction produced by reason; it is of the nature of a transitory emotion whose impression necessarily fades fast. We are

lucky indeed if we find our earthly home as we left it to go forth on our spiritual adventure, unsolled by the presence of those unbidden suggestions personified in Christ's parable.

Again, it is a question whether we have a right to rebel against the feverish dominion of thought. Is it not the white man's burden more truly even than the guidance of the Empire? Have we a right to throw reason off her throne and seek peace in artificially induced emotional conditions because we dare not face the uncertainty which afflicts the world in times of spiritual transition? Does not this intense desire to have spiritual experience at any price come of nothing but the spiritual selfishness which preys upon the spiritually minded, tempting them to care for nothing but the salvation of their own souls? Such pre-occupation did no good in the past, and seems to savor of superstition rather than of religion. But is it not possible to draw a distinction between the two? We should say that superstition was the result of an effort to find out God, proceeding along the lines of wonder and emotion, while religion is an effort to trace to their divine origin the moral suggestions heard in the heart of man. In

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the effort to listen to these man draws nearer to his Creator, whom all the great religions proclaim a Being perfect and immortal, in whose nature man in some manner participates. Aspiration leads to spiritual vitality. Superstition may lead to conviction, but it leads also to stagnation. Superstitious people make no religious progress. They make religion their God instead of making God their religion. Fearing to doubt, they fall short of the faith which alone gives spiritual power,—a quality which cannot be defined, but which combines hope, courage, and a receptivity towards good news from the spiritual world, and whose force is diminished when too tightly pinned to subscription.

There is always a possibility that all these occult experiences are survivals appearing constantly in savages, less often in civilized man, occasionally, as in Lord Tennyson, in men of genius. To try to cultivate them is to refuse to receive the spiritual education of the ages, and to return, as the conservative Jews returned, to those "weak and beggarly elements" whereunto we "desire again to be in bondage."

RECREATIONS IN R.*

The trilled *R* and the short *a* after it make a sound which is often wonderfully suggestive of the thing described by the word which they initiate, or of the mood of the speaker using such a word. You feel this in

words of very diverse meanings: in rapture and in racket; in ransack and in ravage; in rally and rampageous; even in raffle. All these words seem to do their work with a certain unction, and they are capable of absorbing the unction of the speaker in a remarkable degree. When a man relates that he was very hungry hear how he rasps

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles *R*—Reactive. By W. A. Craigie. Edited by Dr. Murray (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

on the first syllable of ravenous. See how Burns almost compels sympathy with the wastrels of life against the "douce folk that live by rule" in the mere rattle of his *r*'s and the vigor of his *a*'s.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scarum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin' squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Good-humor, dislike, anger, scorn, pass over these words in the act of utterance like rain or hail over a wheat-field. Witness the choleric scorn of Constance:—

What a fool art thou,
A *ramping* fool, to bray and stamp
and swear
Upon my party!

Contrast with this Vanburgh's jovial, "I've a great *ramping* daughter, that stares like a heifer." A word that seems to be its own meaning is *rankle*: an involuntary continuance and probing of its sound is inevitable as one utters it. See how this expressive word may strengthen a whole catalogue. If you substitute "bitter" or some other adjective for *rankling* in the following stanza, the whole piece suffers strangely:—

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth
Or Jealousy with *rankling* tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Racket meaning noise, is probably onomatopoeic in its origin. The earliest use of it given by Mr. Craigie is Archbishop Parker's in a private letter: "I send you a letter sent to me

of the racket stirred up by Withers." The word has the same sense in the Prince's remarks on Falstaff's wardrobe. "What a disgrace it is to me to remember thy name . . . or to hear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there." Newman used the word figuratively in his novel "Callista": "There is such a racket and whirl of religions on all sides of me." In the plural it may mean noisy social gatherings. In No. 97 of the "Rambler" an essay written not by Johnson (as Mr. Craigie's attribution would rather imply) but by Samuel Richardson (it is said to have had a bigger sale than any of Johnson's own papers), we are told that the women of the day are "too generally given up to negligence of domestic business, to idle amusements, and to wicked rackets, without any settled view at all but of squandering time."

An expressive obsolete word is *raddour*, meaning fear, terror. Only three examples of it are given, the latest being contemporary with Shakespeare. Gavin Douglas, in his spirited translation of the *Æneid*, on which some writers think Scott modelled "*Marmion*," has—

Of dreidfull raddour trymling for affray.
The Trolanys fled rycht fast.

Raff will be explained more fully under *riff-raff*, of which it is the second member, though some of its senses may have another origin. It is apparently obsolete in its meaning of abundance, plenty, where no very specific disparagement is intended. Isaac Barrow used the word in the sense of a number or collection. The Synod of Trent, he says, was called

"to settle a raff of Errors and Superstitions." Marvell (1673) has the word in its riff-raff sense, though not precisely so, unless we accuse him of tautology: "Among the raff of the meaner and most unexperienced mariners." The next examples given are nineteenth century, and Mr. Craigie pleasantly reminds us how in "Dombey" Mrs. MacStinger said to Walter Gay, in allusion to the wooden gate across her door (put there for the protection of the little MacStingers): "A boy that can knock my door down can get over that, I should hope!" When, however, Walter did so "Mrs. MacStinger immediately demanded whether an Englishwoman's house was her castle or not; and whether she was to be broke in upon by 'raff.'" It is curious to note the similarity of sound between raff, rabble, and rag-tag. But, indeed, the words which express these and cognate ideas abound in R-words. We have—

ragabash	rantipole
ragamuffin	rantum-scantum
rag-tag	randan
rampage	rapscallion
rampallion	rascal
randy	rattlebrain

and the obsolete rabulous (scurrilous) and ragmatical (turbulent). Ragamuffin seems to be nothing more than rag (a shred of cloth) with a fanciful ending. It is found in literature as early as 1581. Rampage is stated to be obscure, though probably based on ramp. Dickens makes play with the word in "Great Expectations": where it is pronounced with awed and contemplative deliberation—and with a pleasingly misplaced hyphen—with Joe Gargery, alluding to his wife:—

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler [her cane], and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower

bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

Randan, Mr. Craigie suggests, is simply a variant of randon, *i.e.*, randomness. Stevenson has the word twice: "He was fond of a lass and fond of a glass, and fond of a ran-dan," *i.e.*, a spree; and in "St. Ives": "They were a' on the ran-dan last nicht!"

A point of London topography arises out of the word Rag-fair. Mr. Craigie defines it as "A market for the sale of old clothes, held at Houndsditch in London." He then quotes Defoe's "Colonel Jack"—we extend the quotation—"The first thing I do, I'll go into Rag Fair, and buy me a pair of shoes and stockings. That's right, says I, and so will I too; so away we went together, and we bought each of us a pair of Rag Fair stockings." This was unquestionably the original Rag Fair, which was held, not in Houndsditch, but in Rosemary Lane, where Defoe's young thieves often slept in Dallow's glasshouse. Rosemary Lane is now Royal Mint Street. Rag Fair has really nothing to do with Houndsditch, and the term has not, we think, travelled thither, though the old clothes have.

The Rag associations of Royal Mint Street, or Rosemary Lane, were finally shattered when the Tower Bridge was built: but the Rag Fair where Colonel Jack clothed himself, and where Pennant saw a man clothed for fourteen pence, lives in "Sartor Resartus." "Alas, move whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and rags

of superannuated worn-out Symbols to tether you; nay, if you shake them (in this Ragfair of a World) dropping not aside, threatening to accumulate, off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, and perhaps produce suffocation."

The Academy.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: CLEMENT MAROT.

If in Charles of Orleans the first note of the French Renaissance is heard, if in Villon you find first its energy appearing above ground, yet both are forerunners only.

With Marot one is in the full tide of the movement. The discovery of America had preceded his birth by three or perhaps four years. His early manhood was filled with all that ferment, all that enormous branching out of human life, which was connected with the expansion of Spain; he was in the midst of the scarlet and the gold. A man just of age when Luther was first condemned, living his active manhood through the experience of the great battlefields in Italy, wounded (a valet rather than a soldier) at Pavia, the perpetual chorus of Francis I., privileged to witness the first stroke of the pickaxe against the mediæval Louvre, and to see the first Italian dignity of the great stone houses on the Loire—being all this the Renaissance was the stuff on which his life was worked.

His blood and descent were typical enough of the work he had to do. His own father was one of the last set rhymers of the dying Middle Ages. All his boyhood was passed among that multitude of little dry "writers-down of verse" with which, in Paris, the Middle Ages died; they were not a swarm, for they were not living; they were a heap of dust. All his early work is touched with the learned, tedious, unbeautiful industry which was all that the elder men round Louis

XII. could bring to letters. By a happy accident there were mixed in him, however, two vigorous springs of inspiration, each ready to receive the new forces that were working in Europe, each destined to take the fullest advantage of the new time. These springs were first, learned Normandy, quiet, legal, well-founded, deep in grass, wealthy; and secondly, the arid brilliancy of the South: Quercy and the country round Cahors. His father was a Norman pure bred, who had come down and married into that sharp land where the summer is the note of the whole year, and where the traveler chiefly remembers vineyards, lizards on the walls, short shadows, sleep at noon, and blinding roads of dust. The first years of his childhood were spent in the Southern town, so that the south entered into him thoroughly. The language that he never wrote, the Languedoc, was that, perhaps, in which he thought during all his life. It was his mother's.

It has been noticed by all his modern readers, it will be noticed probably with peculiar force by English readers, that the fame of Marot during his lifetime and his historical position as the leader of the Renaissance has in it something exaggerated and false. One cannot help a perpetual doubt as to whether the religious quarrel, the influence of the Court, the strong personal friendships and enmities which surrounded him had not had more to do with his reputation than his facility, or even his genius, for rhyme.

Whenever he wanted £100 he asked it of the King, with the grave promise that he would bestow upon him immortality.

From Ronsard, or from Du Bellay, we, here in the north, could understand that phrase; from Marot it carries a flavor of the grotesque. Good song indeed and a great power over the material one uses in singing last indefinitely; they last as long as the sublime or the terrible in literature, but we forbear to associate with them—perhaps unjustly—the conception of greatness.

If indeed anyone were to maintain that Marot was not an excellent and admirable poet he would prove himself ignorant of the language in which Marot wrote, but let the most sympathetic turn to what is best in his verse, let them turn for instance to that charming lyric: "A sa Dame Malade" or to "The Ballad of Old Time," and they will see that it is the kind of thing which is amplified by music, and which sometimes demands the aid of music to appear at all. They will see quite plainly that Marot took pleasure in playing with words and arranged them well, felt keenly and happily, had even some fecundity, but they will doubt whether poetry was necessarily for him the most serious business of life.

Why, then, has he taken the place claimed for him, and why is he firmly secure in the place of master of the ceremonies, as it were, to that glorious century whose dawn he enjoyed and helped to beautify?

I will explain it.

It is because he is national. He represents not what is most this, or most that—"highest," "noblest," "truest," "best," and all the rest of it—in his countrymen, but rather what is most common.

Did you meet him to-day in the Strand you would know at once that

you had to do with a Frenchman, and, probably, with a kind of poet.

He was short, square in the shoulders, tending in middle age to fatness. A dark hair and beard; large brown eyes of the south, a great, rounded, wrinkled forehead like Verlaine's; a happy mouth, a nose a trifle insignificant, completed him. Who knows but we may meet somewhere, under cypress trees at last, these great poets of a better age, and find Ronsard a very happy man, Du Bellay, a gentleman, Malherbe, for all that he was a northerner, we may mistake if we find him ever, for a Catalanian. Villon a Bohemian that many cities have produced; Charles of Orleans one of that very high nobility remnants of which are still to be discovered in Europe. But when we see Marot (if we ever see him), our first thought will certainly be, as I have said, that we have come across a Frenchman; and the more French for a touch of the commonplace.

See how French was the whole career!

Whatever is new attracts him. The reform attracts him. It was *chic* to have to do with these new things. He had the French ignorance of what was foreign and alien; the French curiosity to meddle with it because it had come from abroad; the French passion for opposing, for struggling;—and beneath it all the large French indifference to the problem of evil (or whatever you like to call it), the changeless French content in certitude, upon which ease, indeed, as upon a rock, the Church of Gaul has permanently stood and will continuously repose.

He has been a sore puzzle to the men who have never heard of these things. Calvin (that astounding exception who had nothing in him of France except lucidity) could make neither head nor tail of him. Geneva was glad enough

to chant through the nose his translations of the Psalms, but it was woe-fully puzzled at his salacity, and the town was very soon too hot to hold him in his exile. And as for the common, partial, and ignorant histories of the time, written in our tongue, they generally make him a kind of backslider, who might have been a Huguenot (and—who knows?—have thrown the Sacrament to beasts with the best of them) save that, unhappily, he did not persevere. Whatever they say of him (and some have hardly heard of him) one thing is quite certain: that they do not understand him, and that if they did they would like him still less than they do.

He was national in the rapidity of the gesture of his mind as in that of his body. In his being attracted here and there, watching this and that suddenly, like a bird.

He was national in his power of sharp recovery from any emotion back into his normal balance.

He was national in that he depended upon companions, and stood for a crowd, and deplored all isolation. He was national in that he had nothing strenuous about him, and that he was amiable, and if he had heard of "earnest" men, he would have laughed at them a little, as people who did not see the whole of life.

He was especially national (and it is here that the poet returns) in that most national of all things—a complete sympathy with the atmosphere of the native tongue. Thus men debate a good deal upon the poetic value of Wordsworth, but it is certain, when

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one sees how bathed he is in the sense of English words their harmony and balance, that the man is entirely English, that no other nation could have produced him, and that (alas!) he will be most difficult for foreigners to understand. You will not translate into French or any other language (I quote hopelessly from a memory ten years old)

the stars

Creeping along the edges of the hills,
Nor can you translate, so as to give its
own kind of sweetness

Dieu te doint
Santé bonne—Ma Mignonne.

Apart from this place in letters, see how national he is in what he does!

He buys two bits of land, he talks of them continually, sees to them, visits them. They are quite little bits of land. He calls one Clément, and the other Marot! Here is a whimsicality you would not find, I think, among another people.

He has the hatred of excess in art which is the chief æsthetic character of the French; he has the tendency to excess in opinion or in general expression which is their chief political fault.

It is thus, then, that I think he should be regarded and that I would desire to present him. It is thus, I am sure, that he should be read if one is to know why he has taken so great a place in the reverence and the history of the French people.

And it is in this aspect that he may worthily introduce much greater things, the *Pléiade* and Ronsard.

Hilaire Belloc.

THE SULTAN'S BIRTHDAY.

AN ALBANIAN TALE.

It was the morning of the Sultan's birthday, and Prizrend kept holiday. The town was full of visitors, and from the snow-clad hills behind it still they came—tall Albanians, slight of build and lithe of limb, each with his rifle on his shoulder and in his belt an armory of knives and revolvers. Up on the hill the artillery of the crumbling fortress was firing its salutes. Last year a wall had fallen when the crazy cannon thundered their congratulations. It lay where it fell, and the Turkish soldiers sat on its ancient stones rolling their cigarettes, and wondering with a mild fatalistic curiosity whether any more of it would come down this year, and whether it would fall on them. They no more thought of keeping out of harm's way than their officers dreamed of making good last year's dilapidations. In the little Greek chapel—the church had been burned down a few years ago by the Servians—the priest, who had just finished his annual perfunctory prayer for the long life of Abdul Hamid, was eagerly scanning a little scrap of newspaper which a travelling merchant had brought him from Athens. "Can it be true? Can it be true?" he murmured, as he took off his robes. "Praise God, little boy," he added, slapping his leg and turning to his acolyte, "the Sultan has tuberculosis." At the Kaimakam's (governor's) house a little further down the hill there was bustle and confusion, and a carriage stood horsed in the courtyard, where the servants got together the few valuables which the scantily furnished rooms contained. Turkish officials who have the misfortune to be sent to a post in Albania take little luggage with them. At any moment a deputa-

tion from the tribes may take it into its head to demand their departure. To-day the streets were rather full of armed men, and it was considered prudent to have a carriage ready for emergencies. In the barrack square it was full holiday. A handsome boy with a red rose behind his ear sat perched on a table fiddling madly on his one-stringed lyre, and from time to time an Albanian soldier licked a coin and pressed it firmly on his forehead, and all the while a score of rude throats chanted in high notes the monotonous song of Ali Pashah:

Ali Pashah, Ali Pashah,
Ali Pashah of Jannina,

a refrain that fills the blood of a true Albanian much as the ballad of William and the Boyne excites an Orangeman. It is an ominous sound to hear by daylight.

* * * * *

The Konak (Government offices) was well-nigh deserted. Its whitewashed front—dirty, meaningless, and forbidding—glared like an alien thing among the graceful magic of poplar trees and minarets. Inside its rambling courts only a few veiled women in shapeless robes of black alpaca stood crumpling petitions in their hands. Three or four spies were asleep beside the staircase, and only the mother swallow who had her nest over the door of the Kaimakam's office fluttered restlessly to and fro. At the head of the wooden staircase sat Isha and Mahmud, sentinels for the day. Both were in tatters, relics of a uniform whose original color was now a profound mystery. Their feet were encased in rags tied with string. Isha wore a white Albanian cap, and Mahmud a fez that

once was red. Isha was tall and slim and fair, with a little yellow moustache. Mahmud was dark and hook-nosed, with a curling beard that stuck out from his chin at an odd angle which one associates with Assyrian bas-reliefs—seven years ago he had been torn from his farm near the ruins of Nineveh. They exchanged few words, for Isha knew little Turkish and Mahmud was not at home in Albanian. Isha was bored, a state of mind which Mahmud neither shared nor understood. "See," said Isha at last, "here comes a fat pig to market." "It is the Austrian consul," answered Mahmud stolidly. "It can hardly walk," laughed Isha. "It is certainly much too fat," said Mahmud. "A Christian should never be fat," said Isha. "No, it is certainly not seemly," answered the other. "His shadow covers too much ground," said Isha, and he spat straight before him. "He is very unclean," said Mahmud, and he too spat, but cautiously, turning his head. The little man by now was coming up the stairs, and his tight uniform began to split. Mahmud rose automatically and presented arms. Isha laughed aloud and rolled in his chair—certainly he had drunk too much *raki* that morning. Steadily the little man mounted the stairs. At each step he panted more audibly. His face grew purple, and the rent in the seams of his uniform grew wider. Mahmud kicked Isha in the shin, and Isha laughed each moment more uncontrollably. At length the Consul stood in front of him, with his cavass (body servant) behind him. "Man," said the Consul, "why don't you salute?" His German accent was very funny, indeed, and Isha laughed the louder. And then he chanced to look up. Behind the broad form of the Consul he caught sight of the cavass, whose right hand was plunging angrily into the belt where his revolver pro-

truded. A great rush of blood went to Isha's head. Through the hot air of noon came the refrain from the barrack-yard:

All Pashah, All Pashah,
All Pashah of Jannina.

Isha became a wild creature of instinct. He seized his rifle, pointed it straight at the Consul and pulled the trigger. The Consul staggered back, and, after the report, one could hear something falling with a thin splashing thud. It was the swallow's nest. Mahmud had knocked up the barrel of Isha's rifle.

* * * * *

It was what the diplomatists call a serious incident. The fat little Consul demanded Isha's blood, and his carriage stood ready harnessed to leave Prizrend. The telegraph wires were very busy, and in Constantinople messengers ran to and fro between the Embassies and the Porte. Isha was in gaol, pacing angrily up and down, while his fellow prisoners laughed at him. "He missed a glaiour at six paces," said they, and Isha swore by the beard of his father that he would fire straight when the Turks released him. At headquarters things went slowly. There was so much else to be settled. An Austrian Jew remembered suddenly that the late Sultan's predecessor owed him a thousand pounds for a diamond necklace supplied to his harem. In the lapse of years the thousand pounds had multiplied by ten. And then there was the case of the Austrian Armenian who had been killed by mistake during the massacre three years before. It was a very complicated incident indeed, and Isha was nearly forgotten. But at length the money was paid—a gunboat or two sailed from Trieste at the psychological moment. The only difficulty was Isha himself. He had been condemned by court-martial, and the Vienna papers

had written leading articles on his death. But he himself lay safe in Prizrend gaol. "If we release him," said the Chief of Police, "he will certainly murder the Consul." "And if we execute him for shooting a glaiour," answered the Kaimakam, "we shall have all the clans upon us." "What is to be done?" said the Chief of Police. "A man may die in many ways," remarked the Kaimakam. "Allah be praised," answered the Chief of Police, "there are many roads to Paradise."

* * * * *

The weeks passed, and Isha grew pale and weak. The prison was hot and foul, and for the first time in his life Isha knew what it was to have fever. He began to think, and the new experience frightened and tired him. In his delirium he saw the snows of the Shar Dag, and felt the cold mountain air. Once a kindly gaoler allowed his mother to visit him. "Pray, child," she sobbed over him, "you must pray." "Nay, mother," he answered, "it is the will of Allah," and he turned wearily on his side and slept. It can have been only a few moments later when he awakened with a start. His mother's fingers were moving in some strange way over his forehead, and she was murmuring, "Georghi! Georghi!" And then she caught his head in her arms, and whispered a tale that made him blush and wince. She told him that his grandfather had borne the name of George, and how Ali Pashah had converted him with a scimitar at his throat. And then she whispered that he himself and his father before him had been baptised in secret on the day they were circumcised. "And am I Georghi or Isha?" asked he, bewildered. "Nay, child, God knows," said she. "But pray, pray to St. George." "And who is St. George?" said he. "Oh!" she answered, "he rides a white horse, and he carries

a spear, and he helps the Christians." "Is he the same as Scanderbeg?" asked Isha. "Perhaps he is," said his mother, "but he has power with God."

That night Isha slept a troubled sleep. He thought he was free at last from his prison. He was in the mountains, where the gentians and the Alpine roses cover the ground between the snowdrifts. He had his rifle on his back and a good horse between his knees. He was singing boldly and firing in the air, a free man among the rocks. And he was not alone. There were others with him, bold men, great robbers, and they smiled kindly to one another, for they were bound by the Arnaut word of honor. "He is with us, brother," said they. And Isha divined that the great man on the white horse was no other than St. George and Scanderbeg. "The mountain is ours, little brother," said they, and he answered, because the words came to his tongue: "Aye, the mountain is ours, and the foreigners are gone." And then they galloped wildly, shouting and firing in the air, and under his feet he saw that his horse was trampling on red fez and crescent flags. And St. George had transfixed the dragon, and sometimes he thought its head was the head of the Austrian Consul, and sometimes it was the head of the Turkish Kaimakam. "No matter," he thought, "they are both foreigners."

When he awoke he was still in prison, but a new thought filled him. "To the hills!" sang a clarion in his blood, "to the hills that belong to the Arnauts!" And he saw himself a great brigand, making war on Turks and Austrians alike. He must have been talking aloud, for the gaoler was standing beside him and saying with an odd smile, "Yes, you shall go up to the hills to-day." "What," said Isha, "am I free?" "As free as a ghost," laughed the gaoler, "and see, here is a

cup of coffee to cheer you on your way." And then Isha took the cup and drank. "The coffee tastes very strong," said Isha, "and very bitter." "It is prison coffee," answered the gaoler. Then Isha rose up, but his legs gave way beneath him. "You must help me," said Isha, "I am faint."

The Speaker.

"Nay," answered the gaoler, "in two minutes you will be able to go anywhere alone—two little minutes." And presently Isha fell forward on his face towards the hills and the open door. "Yes," said the Chief of Police, who was standing in the shadow, "there are many roads to Paradise."

H. N. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has announced that he will never write another novel. He will devote himself chiefly to play-writing, in the belief that there is a great deal more money in it.

The concluding volume of the new edition of Chambers's "Cyclopaedia," of which J. B. Lippincott & Co. are the American publishers, will contain an elaborate essay on Byron by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and articles on Shelley by Mr. Swinburne, and on Tennyson by Mrs. Brotherton.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which will soon appear from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a story primarily of and for young people, but one which older people will pretty surely enjoy, as they did "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Timothy's Quest."

Miss Beulah Marie Dix's forthcoming story "The Life, Treason and Death of James Blount of Breckenhow" which the Macmillans have in press, has its scene laid in England in the years 1642-45. It is described as neither an historical novel nor a romance nor an adventure story, but the story of the life of a brave man and

noble woman as set forth in the letters of a prosperous family of Yorkshire gentry.

Mr. Clifton Johnson, who possesses in a rare degree the faculty of seeing Nature clearly and reproducing her charms both with the camera and the pen has in the press of the Macmillans a volume called 'the Land of the Heather' which deals with typical scenes and people of Scotland in the manner well exemplified in Mr. Johnson's "Among English Hedgerows" and "Along French Byways."

The appeal of the R. D. Blackmore Memorial Committee has been so generously responded to that it has been found practicable to add a window to the already suggested marble monument in Exeter Cathedral. The design for this window is now settled; it is of three lights with trefoil heads, and the three illustrative figures are Jonathan, David, and Samson. The work of both window and monument is now being proceeded with rapidly.

Apropos of a reference in "Sigma's" "Personalia" which the readers of The Living Age are enjoying, a correspondent of the Athenaeum writes:

In the last number of *Blackwood Sig-*

ma, in a somewhat deprecatory spirit, asserts that "Wilberforce's authentic last words" were, "I think I could eat another slice of that veal pie." It must be more than a coincidence that Lord Lytton in *Glenavril* asserts—contrary, by the way, to respectable evidence—that Mr. Pitt's last words were "Give me one of Bellamy's meat pies." It looks like a conventional sneer of the time.

The Academy reports that Jules Verne, the delight of English and American as well as French boys, is now almost blind. His doctors have told him that an operation for cataract is necessary, but the old story-writer, who is now seventy-five, declines to be troubled by the operation. Jules Verne has lived at Amiens for many years, where he is happy with his books. At one time he was an active member of the town council, but now he is content to stay at home. He was also a great yachtsman, but now-a-days he can do no more than wear his captain's hat on occasion.

For a bright entertaining story, not too strenuous and yet not trivial or tawdry, novel readers have learned to turn with tranquil confidence to Ellen Olney Kirk, and her latest book, "Good-bye, Proud World," will easily meet their expectations. Millicent Waldo, like the heroine of Mrs. Kirk's earliest success, is a New York "newspaper woman," but it is not her brilliant professional career nor the social opportunities which an unexceptionable family connection affords, but her retirement on an unlooked-for legacy that suggests the incidents of the plot. The quaint old house which she inherits is charmingly described, and her neighbors in the quiet sea-shore town are humorously contrasted with the friends from the office who follow her there. The family lawyer, in particular, is a character to be remem-

bered. A romance, not unforeseen by the astute reader, but interesting none the less, rounds out the story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Charles A. Dinsmore's "Aids to the Study of Dante" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is precisely what its title suggests. It is not a new interpretation of the great poet, nor, in the main, an original work of any sort, but it is a skilful collection and grouping from the best authorities of explanations, criticisms and interpretations which are helpful to a better understanding of Dante. The work of selection which a student of Dante who had access to a considerable library might laboriously do for himself, but which a student without guidance and without access to such a library would find impossible, is here done, within the compass of a single volume of moderate dimensions. In a compact and modest preface Mr. Dinsmore shows students of Dante how to use most wisely the material which he has collected for their assistance.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland announces an important change in the scope and contents of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, which they have in course of publication. As originally planned, the series was intended to furnish the original sources, printed and documentary, for the history of the islands to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It has now been determined to extend the work to cover the entire period of Spanish domination. This will be done without carrying the series beyond the fifty-five volumes already announced. This is practicable because the original plan purposely left a considerable space for possible changes as a result of the exploration of foreign archives. By this change of scope, the value of the work,

already great and unique, is materially enhanced.

Of the six love-stories which Margaret Sutton Briscoe groups under the title "The Change of Heart," four are in the vein of light comedy. "Creating a Vacuum" will be remembered by magazine readers as an extremely droll description of an episcopal visit to a remote country parish; "Red Tassels" is another study of rural types—the lone woman and the peddler; "The Assistant Bishop" is the portrait, striking enough to be drawn from life, of a woman of dominating individuality and will; and "Oscar and Louise" presents, with a delightful blending of mirth and sentiment, the romance of the lady's maid and the man of all work. In more serious strain, "Debtors" discusses an ever-vexed social problem, and "Whither Thou Goest" reads a lesson to those blundering husbands who count affection a substitute for tact. One does not often find a volume of stories so free as these from cynicism, and so full of sincerity and good cheer. Harper & Bros.

The Academy remarks that the trouble between authors and their illustrators is an old one, and it is often difficult to apportion the blame. Sometimes the author is so vague that the illustrator has to fall back upon his own imagination, in which case he is almost certain to enrage the author; sometimes the author is so precise and detailed in a description that the unfortunate illustrator is at his wit's end to know what to leave in and what to leave out. And there always comes in the author's conception of a character, which he has rendered according to his lights, and the illustrator's, which he has to render definitely in a wholly different medium. When Tennyson saw one of Holman Hunt's drawings for "The Lady of Shalott" he said: "But my dear Hunt, I never

said that the young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop." To which Hunt replied. "No, but you never said it wasn't." The only reasonable course is for the author and illustrator to meet and talk things over.

It is not too much to say that the "race problem" in the United States cannot be fully understood without a reading of Professor W. E. B. Du Bois's "The Souls of Black-Folk" (A. C. McClurg & Co. publishers.) Professor Du Bois is a man of fineness of feeling and of unusual intellectual power, a graduate of one university and a professor in another, but he has a black skin, and neither sterling traits of character nor gifts of mind save him from being regarded with contempt by men morally and mentally his inferiors but endowed with a white skin. He is devoting his life, as intensely and unselfishly as Booker Washington is devoting his, to the elevation of his race, but along the lines of the higher education rather than of industrial training. He does not write in any spirit of repining; but manfully, in the interest of his own race and for the information of white readers, enters upon a calm consideration of all aspects of the negro question. He has observed and studied widely and has experienced much, and he writes accordingly, from the most intimate knowledge, of how it feels to be a "problem," and to find doors of opportunity and usefulness closed because of an accident for which the sufferer is not to blame. He writes, not without emotion, but altogether without passion; he has a restrained eloquence of style which makes his book a remarkable literary performance, if it were to be regarded as that merely; and there runs through his chapters a plaintive melody, fitly symbolized by the bar of a "sorrow song," which gives a prelude to each of them.

A SONG OF FIRE.

Spirit hid in a stone,
Come to me now. See, with a blow,
I can compel you—I, all alone.

I am the master of Fire,
Spirit hid in a stone. I, all alone,
Use it to my desire.

How the grass burns:
I am the master of Fire. For my
own desire.
See how the flame twists and turns.

The juniper's hidden in flame:
How the bush burns! Red the flame
turns,
The oak tree is veiled in the same.

From oak tree to fir
Reaches the flame. Can this be the
same
That I woke? The whole forest's
astir.

The forest's astir and awake.
The forest's astir. Oak tree and fir
'Are burning alive for my sake.

Genie, come back to my hand,
Spirit out of a stone. Here, all
alone,
Watching in terror, I stand.

Higher and higher
Reacheth my master, Fire. Nigher
and nigher
Cometh the great god Fire.
Ethel Clifford.

WILD-DUCK OVER!

Sunset: and the cry of a rover,
The rush of a whistling wing;
Good-bye to you, wild-duck over,
Gone south till the waking spring!
Till the golden goddess has brought
her
New life to the leafless trees,
You will rock on the open water
And dip to the ceaseless seas.

Twilight: and the crimson glory
Dies down in the wintry west,

Your path, like a half-told story,
Lies dim to a goal unguessed;
We follow your dark form fleeting
Straight-necked to the harbor-mouth,
Each stroke of those pinions beating,
And throb of that heart set south!

Nightfall: and I stand and ponder,
Grown restless and ill-content,
With a wish that I too might wander
The way that your swift wings
went;

My heart is a wild-fowl rover,
My fate is a frosted mere;
Ah! good-night to you, wild-duck over;
Come back with the waking year.

Will. H. Ogilvie.

Chambers's Journal.

EPITAPH.

The field where men for little trophies
vie,
The hollow acclamation lightly won,
Allured him not; he loved the quiet
sky,
Wide spaces, and the universal sun.

His spirit, native to the mountain air,
Stumbled through marshy valleys
down to death;
Broken in frame, he smiled to cheat
despair
And strove to sing with thin, im-
peded breath.

He lies beneath; in life he vainly
tried
To breathe large notes upon a flute
too slim;
Unuttered raptures filled him till he
died;
Pray for his soul; his songs are dead
with him.

J. E. Barton.

The Saturday Review.

TOO LATE.

"Too late" you say? Too late if this
were all—
If died the tree, perforce, when petals
fall—
Too late if, severed from the mortal
frame,
The soul, as well, to dust and ashes
came.

Ella Fuller Maitland.